THE NEW REPUBLIC

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After the Test Ban

Zbigniew Brzezinski

Choosing the Future—*Louis J. Halle*

Mary McCarthy—*Stanley Kauffman*

Burying the Dead—*James Ridgeway*

Graham Greene—*Hilary Corke*

Civil Rights—*Robert Bork*

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T.R.B. *from* Los Angeles

Moose Jaw to Vancouver

★ We hit the Trans-Canada Highway at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, and the prairie stretched away like a sea. The bowl of sky came right down on the landscape filled with ten thousand cloud puffs and shadows floating below. A grain elevator rose over in one corner and a second, maybe 50 miles off. A third seemed nearer at hand, but you couldn't judge distances. I guessed the next turn was three miles ahead; the sub-Freshman, five; the odometer said eight.

You looked at the battered windbreaks round the lonely houses and shivered at what winter would be like. An oil pump slowly turned by itself, or a windmill clanked unattended above an iron cistern in the great empty landscape. Everything stunned you with the immensity of God and the insignificance of man. Somebody had been by recently and baled hay along the right-of-way for miles, as though a hen had dropped square eggs. It had been the wettest July since 1907, and an occasional pond was still full of brown waterfowl.

Canada's Route 1 has two lanes, with wide gravel shoulders, an intermittent median line, and a high crest. When two cars pass at 75 mph the blast jars the windshield wipers. A mirage shimmers ahead and distorts shapes like a poorly adjusted TV screen, elongating an approaching truck into a giant. The speed is "60," "61" (or "65" in Alberta) and everybody travels at 75 or 80. At one point when the sub-Freshman was driving I noticed objects beginning to float around in the car. She had hit 90, she reported modestly, but only for a moment to test the speed of a passing car. The incident seemed ripe for an appropriate parental comment. After an interval of thought, I said "Oh."

Five high speed cars bunched up together behind a truck at one point and it was funny to see one draw out and peer ahead to see if he could pass. The truck was dawdling at 65. This is a new conception of distance and travel.

It is an awe-inspiring land. It is virile and vital. People think in thousands of acres; telegraph poles march across the emptiness; mile long freight trains toil, and a name on the map that looks like a city turns out to be a couple of grain elevators and a tree. Route 1 is the hawser that ties Canada together, knotted with spine-tingling names – Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff. It terminates in the most spectacular road TRB has ever traveled, the Frazier Canyon. Here, in British Columbia, a turbulent river, a mountain chain, two transcontinental railways and Route 1 leapfrog amidst snow tunnels, and the declivities are so steep that each wild dip blots out radio reception as if you had entered a tunnel. At the end lies Vancouver, jewel of cities.

Not Quite All-American

★ A Canadian viewpoint seeps through no matter how the traveler hurries. Canada, for example, is utterly casual about its big new wheat deal with Red China. I asked William Fletcher, business editor of *The Vancouver Sun*, if he had seen any editorial protest against it on ideological grounds; after a ruminative pause he said no. He intimated politely that Canada is not trying to pretend Red China isn't there. Parliament's boosting its own salaries from $10,000 to $18,000, is the controversial issue.

Canada ties itself together by any means handy, including the cultural. On the semi-subsidized radio I noticed with pleasure that (with a bow to the British connection), "schedule" is still officially pronounced "shed-ule", 90 percent of the world to the contrary. Admirable but occasionally inappropriate programs are re-run from London; for example an uneasy audience of dungareed ranch hands listened to a cafe radio at Swift River, which was tuned to an informative chat, in a nice BBC voice, on the comparative merits of Japanese and Britsh banking practice.

TRB had really come 3,000 miles from home to have a better view of Washington. Would distance give perspective? The question that haunted him across Canada and down to Los Angeles (where this is written) was how the average man can follow the confused American government.

Strangers from Washington

★ One can't make sense of it! That is the answer. Newspapers, radio, TV give snatches, but it is incomprehensible. The Washington complex offers a minimum of clues and guidelines to the outsider; the labels "Republican" and "Democrat" mean little; no great debate on the Senate floor dramatizes and clarifies issues. The outside public just looks at the seven months' lag in Congress uncomprehending, and goes back in relief to the Dodgers and the Giants.

This is the weakness of the American government and only time can tell whether it is fatal. At Vancouver we saw "Camelot," a haunting play based on "The Once and Future King" by T. H. White. The book was required reading for the sub-Freshman and she had been scanning intermittently for 4,000 miles. King Arthur, you remember (an enlightened, well-meaning chap) set up a splendid new life and viewpoint. But he had been bewitched into that little affair with Queen Morgause, which produced Mordred. Result: catastrophe. History, observes White, does not spare nations or rulers, even though their mistakes are inadvertent. "It seems in tragedy," he observes, "that innocence is not enough."

Well, back there in America's Camelot, the Mordred of legislative inefficiency is hard at work. Everybody has a veto. How can a citizen participate in a democracy he cannot comprehend? Things are not done, and nobody knows why. This means interpreting Washington in terms of personalities; above all the President's. Local newspapers don't help much; columnists are predominantly conservative – David Lawrence, Raymond Moley, or, God save the mark, syndicated Barry Goldwater!

"What *are* they doing in Washington?" friends ask. It is like asking about a foreign land.

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Senate confirmation of the partial test ban treaty now seems assured. Senator Fulbright has predicted no more than twenty votes against it, and some Administration experts expect ten or fewer. But it is not clear whether the near consensus favoring the treaty is also a consensus favoring further steps towards East-West detente, or whether it is merely a consensus against deformed babies and mad scientists.

In defending the partial test ban, Administration witnesses have sought to persuade the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the treaty, far from being a major arms control measure, will hardly inhibit the arms race at all. Most of what we don't know, Secretary McNamara insisted, either isn't worth knowing or can be learned from underground testing. (If this is so in 1963, one wonders whether the 1962 resumption of atmospheric tests was really as urgent as the President claimed.) The test ban, as presented to the Senators, looks like nothing more than a public relations gimmick. It is, of course, more than that. It is a formula by which the major powers can stop doing what they want to stop doing anyway, and perhaps persuade the minor powers not to start doing what they do not want to start doing anyway. But it is clearly not the millenium.

Yet the general enthusiasm with which the treaty has been received (except in France, Germany and China) has undoubtedly made it marginally easier for both Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Kennedy to bargain on other issues. Of these, the most promising is probably the proposal to establish observation posts on both sides of the Elbe to protect NATO and the Warsaw Alliance from surprise attack. In itself, this innovation would mean comparatively little. Neither side now worries much about surprise attack in Europe, and both sides already have good enough intelligence to make complete surprise extremely difficult. The importance of observation posts is that unlike the test ban they could become a first step down a clearly marked path toward arms control. By ensuring advance warning of attack, observation posts would enable each side to station the bulk of its forces much further from the front lines than they now are. Both the US and USSR could consider pulling part of their ground forces out of Germany altogether.

Such withdrawals cannot be arranged formally, for the West Germans are desperately afraid of any effort to "neutralize" Germany. The Germans see all schemes to neutralize or disarm their country as retribution for their sins of 1933-45, and resent the imputation that

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they must "pay and pay and pay." (The fact is, of course, that efforts to neutralize Germany today have less to do with history than geography. Germany has the misfortune to be located where the spheres of influence of the two major nuclear powers intersect. It is for this reason, not because Germany lost World War II, that it ought perhaps to be neutralized.) The Rapacki Plan for disarming Central Europe is also out, because the West Germans do not want to be equated with the East Germans, Poles, Czechs and other lesser breeds.

If, however, all possibility of surprise attack were removed, the aim of the Rapacki Plan might be achieved without the appearance of a "deal" at Bonn's expense. If, as is now widely reported, the Russians are planning to withdraw their troops from Hungary, the US could reciprocate by bringing home the extra men sent to Germany in the 1962 Berlin crisis. There might be howls from Bonn, but if the West had observation posts in Eastern Europe and Western Russia, and if airborne troops were available on short notice from the US, Bonn could hardly claim that Western security had been put in jeopardy. So long as the Bundeswehr is below strength, (and Bonn refuses to buy enough US military hardware to pay for the upkeep of US troops in Germany) complaints can be ignored.

In the past the *New Republic* has supported Secretary McNamara's efforts to increase NATO's conventional forces in Europe and decrease reliance on nuclear weapons to defend Europe from non-nuclear attack. We still do. If "thinning out" in Central Europe were to mean more Davy Crockets in the front lines, better keep NATO forces thick. But if Soviet forces were pulled back at the same time as American forces, no such nuclear compensation for conventional cutbacks would be needed. On the contrary, one might look forward to the day, not too far off, when both the US and USSR would remove nuclear weapons from the hands of front line troops. Again, this would not be easy to arrange by treaty, but it could perhaps be done unilaterally by both sides.

In an article on pages 18-21 Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski argues, in our opinion correctly, that the US must either make a major new effort to reunify Europe or else yield the initiative to de Gaulle and Khrushchev. One way – perhaps the most important way – to work in this direction would be to completely reevaluate Western policy on trade with the Communist bloc, and especially with East Germany. In the past, however, the major obstacle to East-West trade has been US fear that a liberal trade policy would strengthen a potential military opponent (as, for instance, happened with Japan in the 30's). A symbolic change in the military situation would make a change in economic relations much easier.

The Soviets have so often proposed the abolition of foreign military bases, and the US has so often rejected this as a propaganda attack on NATO and SAC, that we habitually forget the extent to which such proposals cut East as well as West. Perhaps nothing could do as much to unfreeze Eastern Europe as the withdrawal of Russian troops. There is no hard evidence yet that the Russians are prepared to consider such withdrawals, but rumors of this sort are so persistent that the possibility deserves exploration.

It will be said, of course, that troop reduction in Central Europe would ultimately wreck NATO, and that if insurance against surprise attack is to be a prelude to this, it should neither be given nor accepted. There can be little doubt that the destruction of NATO is still a major Russian policy objective in Europe. It is not impossible, however, that dismembering NATO ought also to be a major US objective. NATO was created to meet a threat. If the Soviets are prepared to eliminate the threat – symbolically the threat to Berlin, but ultimately the threat to Western Europe too – then NATO no longer has any reason to exist and its demise can be applauded all round.

At the moment there is no persuasive evidence that the Soviets are prepared to liquidate the threat in order to obtain the demise of NATO. But this ought to be our constant hope, and it deserves constant reexploration. Any step, however small, toward the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Eastern Europe, and especially East Germany, ought to be encouraged, and probably reciprocated by withdrawals of US troops from Western Europe. Our long term end, after all, is not the perpetuation of the status quo, in which Europe is divided into two hostile halves dominated by Moscow and Washington, but the creation of a new, united Europe, free to arrange its own destiny in its own way, without yeilding to either American or Russian veto.

Balance of Payments-III

For reasons explained in the last two articles on this subject, the President's various emergency proposals, while useful, are unlikely to cut the annual payments deficit much below $2 billion in the next few years. By the late 60's, rising European prices and an increasing flow of dividends and interest from abroad may better the US position. But every transaction which helps cut the US deficit will also cut the surplus of one or more foreign countries, mainly in Europe. The Europeans are likely to oppose any deterioration in their present position, and this will in effect mean they oppose improvements in the US position.

If the Europeans want to keep building up their reserves against the day when the balance of trade turns

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against them, there is no reason why they should not do so. If they grow tired of accumulating gold and dollars, they can emulate the American practice of the late Forties and early Fifties, running down their surpluses by granting large amounts of foreign aid to the needy. Or, if that seems too fuzzy-minded, they can buy more goods and services abroad. If the Europeans reject these alternatives and go on building up their reserves, they ought to be more receptive than they are to proposals for expanding the world's aggregate reserves, from which theirs are necessarily drawn.

The question is, where should the reserves come from? Many countries want to hold dollars. For one thing, dollars can be put in a bank to earn interest, while gold cannot. For another, the value of the world's gold supply has not increased as fast as the value of world trade, so there just isn't enough gold to give everyone what he regards as an adequate reserve. (How big a country's reserves need to be is a matter of opinion. Big enough to tide the country over the longest and biggest adverse shift in the balance of payments it can foresee, whatever that may be.)

When foreign governments hold dollars as well as gold, this is very good for egos on Wall Street and Capitol Hill. But it has several drawbacks. First, most foreign central bankers who hold dollars think they have a right to tell the Administration how to conduct both its domestic and international affairs. In theory they are simply trying to preserve the purchasing power of their dollars; in practice, they are likely to use the covert threat of turning their dollars into gold to extract political concessions. (Of course, if everyone tried to turn his dollars into gold there would not be enough gold to go round. Then the US would either have to devalue the dollar, i.e. raise the dollar price of gold, or else stop selling gold to foreign countries.)

The second objection to the use of dollars as reserves for other countries is that when foreign governments build up their dollar reserves, they in effect run down US reserves. Gold need not have this drawback. Countries can buy in the world gold markets without running down anyone else's reserves. Or they could if the world mined more gold. Unfortunately, however, the increase in the supply of gold is much slower than the increase in world trade—which is an important reason why gold has been so often supplemented by the unsatisfactory "reserve currency" system.

Fortunately, there is an alternative. The US cannot easily increase the world's gold supply, but it can increase its value, simply by announcing that the present arbitrary price ($35 an ounce) has been doubled or tripled. US gold reserves, instead of being worth $15 billion, would be worth $30 billion, and the value of other nation's gold reserves would also be doubled

Estes Kefauver

Ours is an age of transition from localism to nationalism, and nowhere is the difficulty of this change clearer than in the US Congress. Senator Estes Kefauver was elected by the people of Tennessee to serve as their Senator. Yet he was called, both by his own conscience and by the requirements of the time in which he lived, to be not merely the Senator from Tennessee but a United States Senator. Few of his colleagues met the challenge so successfully.

Estes Kefauver was a great campaigner, a master of the handshake and the slap on the back. But unlike most of his colleagues he used these skills not only to retain office but to serve the public interest as he saw it. His dependence on Southern voters did not prevent him from advocating Atlantic Union or refusing to sign the Southern Manifesto, nor from opposing the filibusters and the poll tax.

Nor did the power of local businessmen or national lobbyists blunt his populist faith that the function of government is to protect "the people" from "the interests." He opposed AT&T in space, the drug houses in medicine, and the steel companies in industry. The opposition was instinctive, but it was backed by impressive expertise: when the drug safety bill was signed last year, the trade press said Kefauver had won because he and his staff knew more about the drug industry than the industry knew about itself.

There are probably no more than 30 Senators who habitually place the public interest ahead of local interests. Kefauver was one of them. He had a rare willingness to struggle, both politically and intellectually, with problems far removed from the immediate affairs of his constituents. Sometimes, as when he investigated crime, drugs, or the Dixon-Yates affair, he earned headlines for his troubles. Occasionally he even won votes. But often his efforts were visible only to a few colleagues and to the lobbyists who opposed him. When he died on August 8 he was in the midst of such an unsung fight, against a "quality maintenance" bill which would in effect legalize price fixing on trademarked goods. There are no legislative monuments to the men who lead such defensive actions in Congress, but without them the country cannot long survive.

Estes Kefauver had neither the intellectual style nor the restrained manner valued on the New Frontier or elsewhere in an increasingly technocratic society. He was a legacy from the past—from the muckrakers and progressivism – when it was still fashionable to believe that the people were the ultimate repository of wisdom and virtue. His faith is today largely discredited. But the new age which is dawning has yet to discover a new faith to replace it. Until it does, Estes Kefauver should not be forgotten.

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(unless, improbably, they decided not to maintain their present exchange rates with the dollar). If this were done, two advantages would follow. First, the US reserves would be more than sufficient to meet foreign demand for gold, as well as whatever deficits the US might incur over the next few years. This would enable the US to increase foreign aid, import more from the underdeveloped countries, retain whatever military forces it needs abroad, cut domestic interest rates to promote growth, avoid the unwieldy interest-equalization tax, and wait for long-term improvements in the US competitive position abroad to bring the payments situation back into balance. Second, by doubling the price of gold the US would make it possible for European nations to maintain adequate reserves without a continuing US payments deficit to feed them. This would not in itself eliminate the deficit—that requires time, and maybe a change in the exchange rate. But if the Europeans had adequate gold reserves they could at least contemplate a US surplus with equanimity, and would not need to resist US measures designed to achieve a surplus.

The arguments against raising the price of gold are obvious. First, the President has said he would not do it. To this the only answer is that everyone always says he is not going to change the monetary *status quo*. Everyone who has an interest in such matters also knows these promises are subject to change without notice. Except for the US, every major country in the world has made and broken such promises repeatedly during the past generation. One weakness of current monetary arrangements is that they require people to tell such lies. A second objection is that an increase in the price of gold would be a windfall to the USSR and South Africa (which produce most of the world's gold) as well as to various individuals who hoard the stuff. It would give much less benefit to those of our friends who have loyally held dollars instead of gold. Certainly such windfalls would be unfortunate. But to continue hobbling along as we are now would be even worse. The third objection to changing the price of gold is that it is unnecessary. Perhaps it is. Perhaps if the US, Britain, Canada and Japan really throw their weight behind the creation of an international central bank, France and Germany will come around. Or perhaps the European central bankers will continue to support the dollar bilaterally. Or perhaps the long run pressures working to improve the US position will meet less resistance in Europe than we anticipate. But it seems likely that none of these things will happen soon enough, that the US will stumble along, making-do, until a really serious crisis arises, and that then, back to the wall, we will raise the price of gold, at the highest possible political and monetary cost.

Stalled at Sixteen

Now that preliminary returns are in, it is clear that sponsors of the so-called states' rights amendments pulled off the grandest political spoof of the year – they fooled the legislatures of 16 states into thinking they had discovered a back door means of changing the US Constitution.

It all began last December, when two young legislators from Florida and the Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives maneuvered the Council of State Governments into sponsoring a plan to:

- Create a Court of the Union composed of the 50 State Supreme Court Chief Justices, with power to upset the jurisdiction of the US Supreme Court in certain cases. This has been endorsed by Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, South Carolina and Wyoming.
- Make it possible for the states to amend the Federal Constitution without debate in Congress or at a Constitutional Convention. Arkansas, Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas and Wyoming have approved this one.
- Reverse the Supreme Court decision giving the public a chance to appeal to the courts if legislatures will not provide equitable apportionment. This amendment was acceptable to the legislatures of Arkansas, Idaho, Kansas, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington and Wyoming. (In Oklahoma a Federal District Court has now taken the long-awaited step of actually drafting its own apportionment plan to replace one submitted by the Legislature. The Court has ordered the state to adopt the plan for the 1964 election to the legislature. If this order is upheld by the Supreme Court, and if other District Courts feel compelled to follow the Oklahoma precedent, the number of rebellious legislatures will surely grow.)

Last June, the South Carolina legislature adopted all three amendments, just before adjourning, thus bringing to 16 the number of states that have approved one or more of the proposals. But with most of the legislatures in adjournment until 1965, the score is likely to stand at 16 for at least the next 18 months.

The turning point in this campaign to cripple the Constitution came last spring with the rejection of all three amendments by the legislatures of Ohio, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In the first instance, the *Toledo Blade* conducted a magnificent editorial offensive against the amendments; in New Jersey, Senator Case's intervention was helpful and in Pennsylvania, Senator Clark's influence was of substantial importance. Earlier still, Professor Charles L. Black, Jr., of the Yale Law School had sounded the alarm, and his warn-

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ing had been re-broadcast by Anthony Lewis in the *NY Times* and then by Chief Justice Warren himself.

Actually, there is probably much less cause for alarm than most people assume. A great many people think that if two-thirds of the states were to approve one or more of these proposals, Congress would be bound to call a Constitutional Convention, which in turn would be obliged to rubber stamp the amendments. Even General Eisenhower, who should know better, told graduating seniors of Defiance (Ohio) College that, "through their State Legislatures and without regard to Federal Government, the people can demand and participate in Constitutional Conventions in which they can, through their own action, adopt such amendments as can and will reverse any trends they see as fatal to representative government. . . ."

In fact, however, state legislatures can only trigger a movement for consideration of Constitutional Amendments; they cannot control it. If the proponents of such amendments are able to produce valid resolutions from 34 states and set the amending process in motion, it is still left to Congress to call the Constitutional Convention. The Constitution says nothing about how the Convention should be formed, how delegates would be elected, who would preside, what rules would be used, and whether a two-thirds majority would be necessary to propose an amendment. All this is left to Congress. If Congress is hostile to the proposals, its control of Convention procedure can easily be used to scuttle the whole business. The Convention could reject the original proposal, water it down, or propose an amendment with an entirely different effect. Congress would then determine whether the proposal would be ratified by state legislatures or state ratifying conventions. Obviously, no proposal could move through this series of amending steps (34 state applications, Congress, Constitutional Convention, 38 state ratifications) unless there was a deep national consensus favoring it. Thus far, there is not.

ETV in South Carolina

South Carolina is among the poorest states in the US. Its per capita income of $1,433 is just above Mississippi's and less than half New York's. Its schools are as impoverished as the taxpayers who support them. It spends only $237 per pupil, again less than half New York's expenditure and only $7 more than Mississippi. Nor is the picture improving very fast. In the past decade, when most Southern states have been slowly catching up economically with the rest of the country, South Carolina has been falling more and more behind.

The results are predictable. In Utah, for example, 95 percent of the recruits taking the Army mental test pass; in South Carolina only 45 percent pass. (The national average is 77 percent.) On several other state-by-state indices of academic and intellectual achievement, South Carolina is at or near the bottom. Considering its population, South Carolina is one of the nation's leading producers of dropouts and future unemployables. Many of these youngsters leave the state for big cities in the North.

If a major breakthrough comes, it will almost certainly depend on technology: better textbooks, new teaching methods, new ways of organizing classes, and so forth. At the moment, the great hope is closed circuit educational TV, for which the legislature has already appropriated $8 million since 1957. Unlike the rest of the school system, ETV has powerful friends in the legislature, and its budget requests are rarely cut.

The theory behind ETV is extremely plausible. As a group, the teachers in South Carolina schools are poorly prepared academically, and not gifted with unusual intelligence. A University of South Carolina testing expert reports that half could not be admitted to his institution. Yet such teachers are the best South Carolina can afford. The only answer, the ETV advocates reason, is to find a few really good teachers, give them plenty of time and money, have them draw up rigorous academic programs, and then use the "magic eye" to put them before thousands of students at once.

Unfortunately, certain things have to be sacrificed to make this innovation possible. A TV teacher cannot conduct a class discussion. She cannot answer the students' questions when they don't understand what she is saying. She cannot slow down when the class is sleepy or inattentive, or exploit a particular student's interest or knowledge to make a point. She cannot even conduct an effective drill on rote subjects. When, as in South Carolina, thousands of classes devote 30 minutes out of every 50 to TV instruction, the result is essentially the same as if state law required every teacher to spend 30 minutes a day lecturing.

The result, according to an analysis by William B. Royster, guidance and testing coordinator for the State Department of Education, is that students learn about

Vietnam

On pages 11-14 Dr. Erich Wulff describes the background of the current Vietnam crisis. Dr. Wulff's article is published as he wrote it three weeks ago. As this issue went to press, it appeared that the crisis had entered a new phase. Diem has apparently tried to silence the Buddhists by force, and the State Department has finally disavowed his policies.

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the same amount (which, remember, isn't very much) whether they are taught by regular teachers or regular teachers plus ETV. Surveys suggest that the majority of students prefer to do without ETV, though the margins are narrow and the samples incomplete.

So far, ETV's only achievement is to be no worse than a bad teacher. Nevertheless several states are considering taking the plunge in South Carolina's wake. If ETV were to prove its value, either by increasing student achievement or by allowing local school boards to cut the number of teachers they hire, it might well become the backbone of the curriculum all over the South – and ultimately all over the country.

STANLEY ELAM

Down By the Styx

Senator Edmund Muskie's (D, Me.) efforts to strengthen the nation's water pollution program by springing it loose from entanglements within the US Public Health Service, where it is presently administered, are beginning to meet with success. The Senator is sponsoring legislation which would remove control of the program to a separate administration, directly responsible to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and away from the influence of the Surgeon General.

Progress towards arresting the pollution of the country's waterways has been severely hampered because doctors in the Public Health Service are loathe to apply pressure to their colleagues in state health departments. Instead, they have sought to avoid this embarrassment by providing them with research advice, on which it has been somewhat vaguely supposed they would one day act. This hope is seldom fulfilled. The states, seeking to attract industry, are reluctant to force businessmen to pay out large sums for waste treatment plants. Nor are they anxious to require municipalities to raise taxes for expanded sewage systems. So the states and the Public Health Service "cooperate" to gain time, by conducting lengthy research studies that always show the problem to be a little more complicated than originally had been expected. In one instance an official directly responsible to the Surgeon General, Dr. Robert J. Anderson, chief of the Bureau of State Services, actually promised Massachusetts health authorities in private that the federal government would not act on complaints about the Merrimac River, one of the three filthiest in the nation. Dr. Anderson acted in violation of federal law, which requires the PHS to hold a conference of interested parties and to base whatever action it takes on scientific evidence.

For his part, HEW Secretary Celebrezze has gone along with the Health Service by sitting on his hands. In June he testified before Senator Muskie's Public Works subcommittee investigating pollution and gave the impression he opposed removing pollution control from the Health Service. At the time, the Secretary had not initiated a single enforcement action in the year since his appointment.

After Senator Muskie made known the Anderson deal, however, and following conversations between the White House and Celebrezze, the Secretary switched his tack. In one day he ordered the government to press pollution clean-ups along four interstate rivers, the Menominee in Wisconsin and Michigan, the Pearl in Mississippi and Louisiana, the Snake in Idaho and Washington, and the Monongahela in West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Now he has quietly returned to the Muskie subcommittee and virtually changed his testimony. As a result the subcommittee is likely to issue a unanimous report urging the Congress to wrest control of pollution from the Surgeon General and hand it to a new administration, supervised by a new Assistant Secretary at HEW. The Public Health Service will retain authority over basic and applied research. Mr. Celebrezze will be given authority either to shift the $90 million sewage construction grants program to the new administration or leave it with the Health Service. Recent experience should persuade him to remove this aspect of pollution control from the Surgeon General's purview, but if it does not, the White House may do so.

If the subcommittee report is unanimous, the legislation has a good chance of passage in both houses.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

FOREIGN REPORTS

INDIA: *One Million Walk Out*

★ For the first time in its history the lower house of the Indian parliament has admitted a motion of no confidence in the government. In itself, the motion is of no consequence for it will be set aside handily by the Congress Party's huge majority. But it is an important indication of dissatisfaction with Nehru's government.

Since the Chinese border crisis put India's nonalignment in question and loosened her hold on Afro-Asian sentiment, there has been a growing feeling of aimlessness, a feeling that the march of democracy is faltering, that the government itself no longer possesses the energy or imagination to meet growing problems. The general strike in Bombay last week which brought one million people off their jobs was a more pointed protest against the government's flaccid domestic policies which have meant higher prices and

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food scarcities for Indian workers. Moreover, Nehru now is ordering poorly paid workers to lend the government money through a compulsory savings program.

Meanwhile, the Congress Party, with the Prime Minister's approval, is trying to revive itself by replacing regional leaders with new and younger faces.

YUGOSLAVIA: *Ethnic Chauvinism Persists*

★ Mr. Khrushchev's visit to Yugoslavia follows hard on the heels of elections there. But the results will not be unfamiliar to him for they have the ring of success peculiar to voting in socialist countries and to patent-medicine ads. The new constitution requires more frequent rotation in elective offices, and so more than 75 percent of successful candidates on all levels were elected to office for the first time. The constitution provides for increased participation by workers in political bodies and now 22 percent of communal office-holders and three-fourths of the newly-created Federal Economic Chamber are workers. The constitution encourages women to enter public office, and sure enough, 20 percent of all offices are now held by women, compared to seven percent after the previous election. The constitution is also for more young people holding office with the result that 23 percent of office holders are now under 35.

Yugoslavia's problems, of course, cannot be solved quite so easily, though Tito's achievements, looked at in historical perspective, are remarkable. He has damped down the disruptive agitation and subversion by national minorities which nearly tore pre-war Yugoslavia apart, and even erased much of the bitterness left by the bloody civil war between Serbs and Croats during World War II. Yet many, perhaps most, Yugoslavs still give their primary loyalty to the six old Balkan states of which the country was formed (now called the "federal republics"). Old loyalties are dominant in literature and education – at universities in Slovenia and Macedonia lectures are given in these minority languages. Ethnic patriotism also threatens to interfere with the country's economic growth now that it is becoming predominantly industrial. Yugoslav planners now must chose between directing funds toward areas of high productivity or raising the level of underdeveloped regions. For maximum growth, resources should be concentrated in the most promising areas, attracting workers from backward regions. Unfortunately, the borderlines between such areas coincide with ethnic divisions. Unprejudiced decisions are always difficult but in these circumstances economically wise decisions will inevitably be taken as a slight on some minority group.

Yugoslavia's other great problem is agriculture, which employs half the population. She gave up trying to completely collectivize agriculture more than a decade ago, and now almost ninety percent of argicultural land is held in private hands. Most of this land is farmed by methods that are centuries old; and much of the farm population lives in a world remote not only from 1945, when Tito came to power, but from 1918, when Yugoslavia first became a national state. Under these conditions Yugoslavia still cannot produce enough bread grains to meet its own needs. A less serious, but nevertheless widespread, indifference to socialist forms of economic organization exists among tailors, plumbers, electricians, and other traditionally self-employed workers in the social services. Until these people can be brought into the modern economy, they will remain the backbone of ethnic chauvinism.

JAPAN: *Chaos at Hiroshima*

★ The Japan Socialist Party has severed its links with the Communist party and has announced there will be no further cooperation between the two. The break took place at a Hiroshima meeting of Gensuikyo (The Japan Council against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs), from which the Socialists also resigned en masse, thereby spelling the collapse of the peace movement which at its inception nine years ago claimed the support of 35 million people.

Before the Gensuikyo meeting began, milling throngs of contending political factions fought one another back and forth across Hiroshima's Peace Park to vie for control of the area closest to the memorial commemorating those who died in the atom bomb explosion and the spot where the conclave was to be held. Finally with search lights blazing and helicopters hovering overhead, 1,500 riot police cleared the area. No sooner had the meeting begun than Mr. Caho Pu-chu, the Chinese delegate delivered a scornful attack on the test ban treaty. In protest the Russian delegation, led by Mr. Yuri Zhukov, of *Pravda* and the other European delegates rose, and turning their backs to the Chinese speaker, faced the memorial. In doing so, they blocked the line of march of a group of pilgrims who had been filing past and one of them in exasperation, yelled at the Russians to take their disputes and go home, a reaction echoed by the people of Hiroshima who viewed the meeting with disgust.

The Gensuikyo affair leaves the Japanese left apparently fractured beyond repair. The floundering within the Socialist party, began three years ago when the Chinese pressed a visiting delegation to make public statements of outright hostility towards the US, thereby insuring its "neutralism" would be on the Chinese side. Since then the Socialists have nervously

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sought a way out of this entanglement, but until now there have been enough Chinese sympathizers within its ranks to block a move.

QUEBEC: *Secessionists on the March*

★ Quebec is the only sizable enclave of Frenchmen outside France, and nothing about its history suggests that this should be cause for regret. Abandoned 200 years ago by Louis XV to George III, French Canada remained until recently a semi-feudal society, in which church and family were the pillars of order. The waning authority of these two institutions has now produced a malaise of major proportions, and the potential for a serious political crisis as well. United by law with English Canada, the Quebecois remained separated by language, religion, and an apparently ineradicable inferiority complex. Educationally underdeveloped, the province has never produced its share of high civil servants or industrial magnates. Politics and public relations have required prime ministers and boards of directors to seek out French Canadians for a certain proportion of the more visible jobs, but first-rate men have often been hard to find.

At the time of the British North America Act of 1837, the French constituted half the Canadian population, and their language and privileges were guaranteed equality with English ones. Today a third of Canada's people trace their ancestry neither to England nor France. These immigrants have in most cases assimilated the dominant English culture rather than the French. The French feel increasingly beleaguered, and there have been growing demands for revision of the old Act which united them with the English. They want greater autonomy for Quebec, or perhaps even to turn Canada into a dual state held together by only a semblance of confederation. There is even a demand, backed by a small terrorist organization and a growing section of the intelligentsia, for a completely independent government in Quebec.

Even major political figures, such as Quebec's Resources Minister, René Levesque, have suggested that if Quebec does not receive the autonomy she demands within a few years, independence will be the only alternative. Levesque has in turn pushed Jean Lesage, the Liberal Prime Minister of the Province, into an uncompromising stance *vis à vis* his old colleague and friend, Lester Pearson, the Liberal Prime Minister of all Canada. Lesage has obstructed a wide variety of badly-needed Pearson reforms on the ground that they would enhance the power of the federal government at the expense of the provinces. Instead, he demands that Pearson give the provinces a larger share of the national tax take, so they can provide their own reforms in their own way. So far, Pearson has refused to go along. His answer has been to seek a French-Canadian antidote to Lesage as the leading Liberal figure in Quebec. He has turned to the young, brilliant president of the federal Privy Council, Maurice Lamontagne. So far, however, Lamontagne's attack on separatism has been more cogent than popular. If the Quebecois stop listening to Lesage, whom they regard as a moderate, they are more likely in their present mood to turn to separatists like Levesque than federalists like Lamontagne.

None of this means that the disintegration of the Canadian federation is imminent, or that civil war is just around the corner. But so long as French and British Canadians devote themselves to squabbling about the form of government – federal or local – there is very little chance that either side will do much about Canada's persistent economic problems. Half of Prime Minister Pearson's program has already been shelved as a result of this stalemate. Paralyzed in this fashion on the domestic front, there is a growing danger that Pearson may fall back on the one idea about which French and English Canada can agree: patriotic hostility to their giant southern neighbor.

EAST AFRICA: *Enter the Chinese*

★ Up to the beginning of the seventeenth century the Chinese traded extensively with East Africa, buying frankincense and myrrh, cinnamon, ivory, and animal skins. Most of all, however, the Chinese prized giraffes, for Ming dynasty emperors thought owning a unicorn would bring them good fortune, and since none had seen a unicorn, the giraffe passed. After 1600 trade declined, and only recently has it revived. Under a new trade agreement with Somalia, Communist China will again buy, frankincense, myrrh and animal skins, along mythical beasts also seems to be booming. When the recent trade pact was signed, the Somali representative armed the mutality of interest between Communist China and Somalia. "We also have a common enemy," he said, "the old and new colonialism – to fight."

Elsewhere in East Africa the Chinese have been equally busy. Zanzibar and Tanganyika turn increasingly to Peking, rather than to Moscow, for ideological and practical assistance in overnight development. with oil seeds, cereals and minerals. The market for Uganda has received the Chinese enthusiastically| Zanzibar echoes with slogans from the New China News Agency, disseminated (partly at Chinese expense) by the Zanzibar Nationalist Party, which dominates the coalition government. The Chinese have also been supporting *Odinga Oginga*, a prominent member of Kenya's new government who is likely to become a key figure next year when Kenya has gained independence.

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The Buddhist Revolt

Diem's New Opponents Deserve US Support

by Erich Wulff

Ngo Dinh Diem has never been able to tolerate any force – political, military or religious – which was independent of him. In driving the Hoa Hao, Cao Dai, and Binh Xuyen sects underground, in robbing the political opposition of its leadership, in transferring overly popular commanders to desk jobs, Diem's objective has always been the same: those who might oppose him, for whatever reasons, had to be destroyed or neutralized. So when Vietnamese Buddhism unexpectedly awakened last May to become the only power in Vietnam independent of Diem, his reaction was predictable: he set out to crush it.

Actually, the emergence of the Buddhists as a political force was unexpected only by those who had not followed recent Vietnamese history. Certainly it is hard to believe that Diem was taken altogether by surprise. The Buddhists actually had begun to adapt to modern political realities several years ago. Buddhist youth societies and student and trade organizations were formed and attracted a large following, particularly in Central Vietnam. Young monks streamed to the universities. The pagodas gave up being merely homes, schools and places of devotion for monks, and once again became spiritual centers for the whole people.

Although there was no indication that this Buddhist revival was political in purpose, Diem from the first carried on a campaign of discrimination, intimidation and persecution against it. The legal basis for all this was "Ordinance Ten," a vestige of French colonialism. This law had been designed to help Christianize Vietnam by improving the competitive position of the missionaries. It put Vietnamese Buddhism on the same legal basis, and made it subject to the same organizational restrictions, as a private club. The Buddhists had to obtain a permit in advance (e.g. the purchase of land on which to build schools) had to be authorized by the provincial administration. Everything, depended on official goodwill.

Once the Buddhist revival began, this goodwill evaporated. Ambitious functionaries did all they could to make things hard for the Buddhists, assuming this would put them in the good graces of the Roman Catholic President and his family. Some delayed acting on requests for permits until it was too late. Others refused permits entirely. Some went so far as to put traditional Buddhist holy places like Thien-But, in Quang Ngai Province, at the disposal of Catholic priests as building sites.

In remote provinces, such as Phu Yen and Binh Dinh, which foreigners seldom visit, the Buddhists were subjected not merely to legalized discrimination but to a thorough-going religious persecution. At Phu Yen, for instance, a Buddhist monk named Thich Tam Chon protested in his pagoda against religious discrimination. He was murdered. The government blames the Viet-Cong, of course. The Buddhists have considerable evidence pointing to the Vietnamese secret police. In other rural areas government officials tried to win Catholic converts by mixing intimidation and promises. The cook for one of my German colleagues gave me a detailed account of such proselytizing. He assured me, however, with great emotion, that he would rather die than worship the Cross.

Many Buddhist officers, officials, and university teachers in Hue, the capital of Central Vietnam, were given to understand that they had better attend mass on national holidays. Some Catholic officers even forbad their men to take part in Buddhist ceremonies. Among this group of officers is Major Dang Sy, the man responsible for the Hue massacre of May 8. Dang Sy had to be transferred from two commands because his religious discrimination drove the soldiers to the brink of mutiny. Yet that is how he got promoted to deputy chief of the province.

During those same years of increasing harassment of the Buddhists, the Catholic Church kept acquiring more privileges, especially in Central Vietnam where the Archibshop of Hue is Diem's older brother, Ngo

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Dinh Thuc. I have no reason to believe that Diem ordered these privileges. On the other hand, what officer would refuse to loan a president's brother (or his agent) military vehicles and soldiers for work on a Catholic building project? What commander would object when President Diem personally ordered a piece of military property handed over for construction of a Catholic seminary, school, or hospital?

As a result of such favors Archbishop Ngo Dinh Thue has managed to turn his archdiocese into a going business concern. His goal is to make it financially independent of foreign aid. The tuberculosis ward of the Hue hospital, for example, is directed but not financed by the archdiocese. It requires advance payment from even the poorest peasant. Those who cannot pay are not admitted, unless they have a powerful advocate. The fees go to the archdiocese. The archbishop also has a monopoly on the import of textbooks. This not only provides an opportunity for censorship but is profitable as well. Thuc's main source of income, however, is his share of the profits from the government's program for lumbering virgin land. Of course, privileges of this kind are enjoyed only by the politically loyal. The neutral priest in a remote village may have no privileges at all. Nevertheless, such practices give rise to less well founded rumors. The Buddhists, having no faith in Diem's controlled press, believe anything they hear by the grapevine.

In addition, Diem and his family seem convinced that they have the unconditional support of the Catholics but not the Buddhists. As a result, Catholics advance faster in administrative and military careers. Buddhists first have to prove their loyalty. One result is a large number of opportunistic converts among officers and other officials.

The Birthday Massacre

All this had been going on quietly for years – so quietly that American diplomats appear to have been genuinely surprised when trouble erupted late in May, 1963. It all seems to have begun when Thich Tri Quang, president of the Buddhist organization in Central Vietnam, decided not to send Archbishop Thuc a congratulatory telegram on the occasion of this 25th year in the priesthood. Soon after, on May 6, Saigon issued an order forbidding the Buddhists to fly their flags. May 8 is the Buddha's birthday and a most important holiday.

Future historians will have to decide whether Diem ordered the ban simply in line with general policy on religion – on the assumption that the Buddhists would suffer the humiliation in silence – or whether the regime deliberately sought an open conflict expecting to crush the Buddhists as it had earlier crushed the other sects.

Whatever the intention, the result was that the Buddhist masses, though inclined to pacifism and accustomed to misery, began spontaneous protest demonstrations. At first the Buddhist leaders simply acquiesced in these demonstrations; then they began to lead them.

At the start, the demonstrators had the limited objective of a return to the *status quo ante;* they wanted Diem's new restrictions on the celebration of the Buddhist holiday rescinded. The Hue crowd on which Dang Sy's tanks opened fire May 8, for instance, was asking Saigon to allow the Buddhist leaders to give the traditional annual radio address. Up to now, it is still not clear who gave Dang Sy the order to open fire. Seven children and one woman died on the spot. Painted on the tanks, in big white letters, was the name of the President's brother, Ngo Dinh Khoi, murdered in 1945.

And so the Buddhist Christmas became a day of mourning, and the Buddhist leaders decided not only to demand compensation for the victims but to raise the long-latent issue of religious discrimination and persecution. On May 12 the Buddhists requested that the government lift the flag ban, revoke Ordinance Ten, permit the unimpeded dissemination of Buddhist teachings, free Buddhists under arrest, punish those responsible for the massacre and provide financial recompense to the families of the victims. Demonstrations spread to several other provinces, but their objective remained unpolitical, limited to the putting through of this program.

After the Hue massacre the regime had one chance to pull itself out of the affair undamaged: to dissociate itself from Major Dang Sy and admit responsibility for the tragedy. Instead, it designated the Viet-Cong as the criminal. In the ensuing weeks, "hard" and "soft" tendencies seem to have struggled with one another. Beginning in June the president's brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, and his wife Madame Nhu, incited and supported an anti-Buddhist campaign, ranging in my observation from loyalty telegrams to the employment of poison gas against young girls and the torture of students who refused to brand their Buddhist leaders as Communists.

Madame Nhu also launched a political drive to denounce Buddhism as a Communist-infiltrated international conspiracy. Pagodas were surrounded with barbed wire, and women and children trying to bring water to the monks were clubbed to the ground. This was all quite open, without any effort at concealment. The regime swiftly did everything it could to sharpen the conflict until, immeditely after the sacrificial death by burning of Thich Quang Duc, the danger of a popular uprising became so great that an interministerial committee, formed on June 16 under American pressure, accepted some Buddhist demands.

On the day after the agreement, however, a leading article in the Nhu-financed *Times of Vietnam* spoke of

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extortion by the Buddhists. The efforts, suspended during the negotiations, to play off dissident sects of lesser significance against the Buddhist All-Vietnam Union, were vociferously resumed. Contrary to official promises, a great number of Buddhists remained under arrest. The Buddhists came into possession of government plans for suppressing their organization "once the present storm has subsided." The Republican Youth group, under Ngo Dinh Nhu's command, published a petition in the *Times of Vietnam* asking that the discriminatory Ordinance Ten be kept in force.

Within two weeks the Buddhist leaders lost faith in the good faith of the government and President Diem, and ordered new protest demonstrations. Though forbidding a third public suicide attempt and calling off a planned demonstration in Hue, the leaders sent Diem a strongly worded letter attacking the activities of his sister-in-law, Madame Nhu. "Many empires have crumbled and regimes been toppled," the letter warned, "because the laws were not enforced, power was abused, and above all because women were allowed to meddle with the affairs of state." The letter expressed the hope that Madame Nhu's charge of "ignoble treason" did not "reflect the policy of the government."

Meanwhile, the Buddhist monks developed an increasingly efficient national organization. Their intelligence from inside the Diem government is excellent. They also have been able to synchronize their actions in the various provinces. By the end of June, Saigon's Xa Loi Pagoda resembled a GHQ. Nevertheless, the problem of transmitting news to the rural pagodas has not been solved. If it is, my guess is that the Buddhists will follow their leaders to the last village. Certainly the crowds I watched in Hue displayed great courage. Young girls remained sitting on the sidewalk, for example, even when soldiers charged them with bayonets. The crowds were also distinguished by their discipline. During the June 1 demonstrations, at the monks' orders, not a single offensive word was uttered against the government. Excesses occurred only when the Buddhist leaders had not arranged the demonstrations, as in Hue on June 3 and Saigon on June 16.

Among the monks who guide the movement, one in particular stands out a born leader. He is Thich Tri Quang, president of the Buddhist organization in Central Vietnam and the man whose refusal to congratulate Archbishop Thuc is thought to have caused the ban on the display of Buddhist flags. In private conversation with Thich Tri Quang I was struck by his precise grasp of the situation, the modesty of his appearance, and the mixture of tolerance and determination which he embodies. Addressing a crowd, he produces an electrifying effect. His audience clearly is ready to obey his every command. He has that direct access to the heart of the people which Diem so completely lacks. In Central Vietnam he is venerated almost as a saint by students and peasants alike. Were he not a monk he would be a logical successor to Diem. As it is, he could be a king-maker – and that is why his life is reckoned in constant danger.

What next? In the present tense situation the most important unknown is the attitude of the army. There is an unmistakable discontent among the junior officers. "Just what are we fighting for anyway?" asked a young captain with whom I was discussing the crisis. "For Diem and his family? If the physical and spiritual terror here gets much worse, there will be nothing to choose between us and the North." His opinion is shared by many younger officers of the middle grades. As for the recruits, I myself saw ten truckloads of troops, sent out against a crowd of students in Hue, signalling encouragement to them. The regime stabilized the situation in Hue only by flying in military police from Danang and part of the Presidential guard from Saigon. In critical situations the government can apparently rely only on special troops.

Nolting and Diem

A second critical factor is the attitude of the civilian opportunists and time servers, whose only concern is to protect their careers. As in any regime these men are the majority. As the crisis reached its first climax in mid-June, individuals who had followed the regime for years began to indulge in more or less candid criticism of Diem. They had, they said, always been against the regime at heart. I talked to officials, secret officers and university professors who wavered this way. Friends in Saigon and Hue told me of many similar experiences. These were people with an inborn sense of the balance of power. If they are deserting Diem his ship is doomed.

The third factor is America. During the first act of the religious crisis, from the May 8 massacre to the short-lived June 16 agreement, the US took a hands-off position. Thereafter, however, the US resumed active support for Diem. Ambassador Frederick Nolting returned hastily to Saigon and made a public statement to the effect that Diem was resolutely working toward democratization and had the support of the people, especially in rural areas. He added that in his two years as American ambassador to Vietnam he had not seen any sign of religious discrimination. Who knows? Perhaps he hadn't.

At the same time American military advisers ordered their subordinates to emphasize the "positive" and play down the "negative." The religious crisis was not to impair the battleworthiness of the Vietnamese army. The Buddhist movement was described as an urban af-

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fair which would meet with little response in the country, where the war is fought. I do not know who is expected to believe such nonsense. Certainly the men who are actually fighting in the Buddhist sections of rural Vietnam are not likely to be fooled. Even the Americans in Saigon presumably don't believe it, since they also urge the Buddhist leaders to stop demonstrations lest the religious dispute help the Communists.

Even if one ignores the moral implications of US support for Diem's dictatorship, the present policy is shortsighted. In the past, American officials have usually admitted privately that Diem is a rather unsavory character and have then argued that nevertheless, there is no alternative to supporting him – that "a change in the leadership would plunge the country into chaos." Recent events indicate the contrary. *Vietnam will fall into chaos if Diem does not resign, and soon.* Already, an important military base, Rang Rang, has been given up so that more troops could be deployed to Saigon to protect Diem. And the psychological damage of Diem's private war against the Buddhists is only beginning to be perceptible. The peasantry reacts slowly but imperturbably. US aid will not make them accept discrimination against their religion. They are imbued with human dignity and cannot be bought so cheaply.

As for the argument that there is no alternative to Diem, it is absurd. Any honest non-Communist politician in Saigon would be a better choice. The hopes of the people would be raised, and they would give the new government a choice. Of the various opposition groups, however, the nationalist Dai Viet has in the past gotten the most sympathy from the U.S. Between 1959 and 1962 the Dai Viet had the same difficulty *vis à vis* Diem that it had had earlier with Cao Dai and the French. Every action against Diem indirectly gave aid and comfort to the Communists. Since most Dai Viet supporters are as anti-Communist as they are anti-Diem, they were paralyzed and the group atrophied. Last year, made desperate by Diem's incompetence, the old group began to reassemble. Today it is the focus of a broad front of non-Communist politicians, determined to work together for the removal of Diem. For obvious reasons, I cannot report either its composition or present organization.

At the moment, the Buddhists openly express the hope that by continuing their protest they may become the catalyst for the formation of a new government – a government which would give them a better break. Only in this sense can one say that their movement has turned political. If no new government is forthcoming, however, the Buddhists may rally their followers in the countryside and in the army to passive resistance. They might even take the path of the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects, which support the so-called "National Liberation Front" run by the Communists in the hope that this will topple the Diem dictatorship and bring about a neutralized Vietnam.

Rightly used, on the other hand, Buddhist movement could give a new government mass support, allowing the kind of radical reforms needed to undermine the Viet-Cong. I know intelligent politicians prepared to attempt this in collaboration with the Buddhists. The Viet-Cong would need time to adapt its propaganda to the new situation. Many who now support the Viet-Cong might rally to the government or at least adopt a wait-and-see attitude. It is uncertain how Hanoi would react to a change of government in Saigon. There might be possibilities for negotiation with the North..

The Vietnamese do not ask very much from America. They are responsive to the slightest suggestion of a change in the US policy of all-out support for Diem. It might even suffice if the new Ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge, were to invite the few Vietnamese opposition leaders who are still out of jail to a dinner party. Should diplomatic strategems of this type show no perceptible result, however, the situation would call for a declaration, on highest authority, that the United States dissociates itself from the Diem regime and will in the future be neutral between him and the non-Communist opposition.

On Choosing Our Future

by Louis J. Halle

Since August 6, 1945, the day on which an atomic bomb exploded over Hiroshima, public preoccupations have reflected the fear of a global disaster in our own present. A substantial proportion of our best minds (not excluding scientists) have been at grips with the immediate political problems on which survival beyond our present has seemed to depend. Consequently, the times have not been propitious for lifting our eyes beyond our present to the vistas of the long future.

Over the past decade, however, the international

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situation has been tending to stabilize itself, the crises that threatened war have become fewer and less severe, military deterrence has become less uncertain. Consequently, thinking in terms of a long future seems less unrealistic today than in the decade immediately after the War. Elements of furtive hope, however out of place they may still seem, have begun to creep in.

This, then, is a good time for looking at the world in the long perspectives of the evolutionists, for reading Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man* (reviewed in *The New Republic*, December 22, 1962) and Theodosius Dobzhansky's *Mankind Evolving: The Evolution of the Human Species*. For all this time, while we have been shouting about Korea, Berlin, and Cuba, the long-range thinkers and researchers have continued quietly to advance the frontiers of thought. These two books are representative of that advance.

The Post-Darwinian Impact

Teilhard's book presents a grand philosophical vision of what evolution means and where it is directed. Dobzhansky's belongs, rather, to a lesser genre. It is a straightforward discussion by a distinguished geneticist, professor of zoology at Columbia University, of what we know today about human evolution – what we know about where we came from, about the mechanisms of our evolution past and present, about our present biological situation. It is broadly speculative, as thought about the larger subjects of human inquiry should always be. It is not by any means a popularization; but neither is it written in the esoteric jargon by which lesser scholars seek to make their reputations. It is at once professional and within a layman's comprehension.

There is always a time-lag between the discoveries of pure science and their assimilation by the lay public. Today, more than a century after Darwin published his *Origin of Species*, the lay public has caught up with him. We have all become Darwinians, accepting his interpretation of man's descent from a primitive primate, recognizing the role of natural selection in the adaptation of species to their environments. Meanwhile, however, post-Darwinian thinking has continued, once more leaving us laymen behind. Today there are practical reasons, as well as others, why we ought to catch up. We are menaced by an expansion of the human population that has important genetic implications, and we are menaced by an increased exposure to radioactivity that has genetic implications no less important. Finally, as Teilhard de Chardin and Sir Julian Huxley have both insisted, mankind is today becoming able consciously to direct the evolution of all life, and is thereby acquiring a formidable responsibility. The general public would do well, therefore, to catch up.

This layman sometimes wonders whether the spate of revolutionary thinking represented by Einstein's two theories of relativity and by quantum theory has not come to the end of its advance in our day – at least temporarily. It has led us into a maze of mathematical abstractions which our imaginations cannot equate with the visible universe, and it has also led us to what seems like a dead-end in the Uncertainty Principle. Perhaps we shall have to make ourselves at home in outer space before further notable advances are possible. No one today, however, could have the same doubt about the development, and the application to understanding, of the concept of evolution. Here we seem to be in the midst of a great creative advance. The prospect ahead appears exciting, with hope once more taking its place beside the perennial fears of mankind.

> In a way [writes Dobzhansky] Darwin has healed the wound inflicted by Copernicus and Galileo. Man is not the center of the universe physically, but he may be the spiritual center. Man and man alone knows that the world evolves and that he evolves with it. By changing what he knows about the world man changes the world that he knows; and by changing the world in which he lives man changes himself. Changes may be deteriorations or improvements; the hope lies in the possibility that changes resulting from knowledge may also be directed by knowledge. Evolution need no longer be a destiny imposed from without; it may conceivably be controlled by man, in accordance with his wisdom and his values.

This kind of thinking has an historic background that dates from the period of the French Revolution. The French Revolution is a water-shed in more ways than we ordinarily appreciate. It marks the definitive birth of the concept that we inhabit an evolving cosmos. Throughout previous times, men had been aware of changes that showed the passage of time – day alternated with night, the seasons revolved in an established order – but they had not thought of the movement as going someplace.

> *The thing that hath been is that which shall be;*
> *And that which is done is that which shall be done;*
> *And there is no new thing under the sun.*

It was not until almost the period of the French Revolution that this movement of time began to acquire, in men's thinking, a constant and irreversible direction, that it became a progress. All phenomena, it now began to appear, come up out of a distant past; all are moving on into a distant future; and nothing remains the same under the sun.

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This new concept, that of evolution, became dominant in all the main fields of human thought. The conceptual world of the pre-revolutionary political philosophers – of Plato and Aristotle, of Thomas Aquinas, of Bodin and Hobbes – had been a static world. This was no longer true of the conceptual world of Edmund Burke or that of Alexis de Tocqueville. Their worlds, and the dialectical worlds of Hegel and Marx, were carried forward in an irreversible direction on a stream of time.

Again, the new discipline of history, in the modern sense of the term, has its birth with the generation of the French Revolution. What we call historians from Herodotus to Gibbon are simply chroniclers and interpreters of events abstracted from universal time. But with B. G. Niebuhr and his successors in Germany, with Augustin Thierry and his successors in France, with Hallam and his successors in England, the task of history becomes that of charting the irreversible course of progress. Before ever Darwin had challenged the static concept of creation set forth in Genesis, it had already been challenged by historical criticism in Germany.

Finally, was the essence of Einstein's contribution that of adding irreversible time, as a forth dimension, to the static Newtonian universe?

I say that we laymen are behind in our appreciation of this development. We tend still to confine the concept of evolution to the biological world, which we think of as evolving within the essentially static container of Newton's mechanical universe. But the scientists have moved ahead of us. "Our current century," Dobzhansky writes, "has extended evolution down to inert matter itself. Under the new dispensation not even atoms are eternal and unchanging; they, too, have histories, and their histories and those of the near and distant universes are chapters of the same grand cosmic process."

Genetics of Human Development

This is the theme, too, of Teilhard's work, which takes all being as its province, regarding it as essentially one, rejecting such traditional distinctions as that between animate and inanimate matter, or that between matter and spirit. One can see that Dobzhansky is influenced by the same universalizing tendency, by the same disposition to degrade the traditional categories; but his focus remains on the evolution of organic life, particularly on the genetics of human development.

Most of *Mankind Evolving* deals with the devices and the circumstances that produce evolutionary change in species. The matter is less simple than we laymen commonly suppose.

For one thing, Dobzhansky says, we have fallen into the misleading habit of distinguishing too sharply what an individual owes to his heredity from what he owes to his environment. The individual's genetic characteristics, however, exist only in the context of particular environments, so that one cannot separate the two. Sunburn, one might say, is both environmental and genetic, since the genetic disposition to sunburn is not manifested in the absence of an environment that includes ultraviolet radiation. Again, a genetic susceptibility to malaria would have no significance for Eskimos in the environment they inhabit.

A more serious misconception is that an individual's genetic inheritance is a combination of the genetic characteristics of his immediate parents, that every one of his genetic traits is to be found in either his father or his mother. (This misconception has undoubtedly strained the marriage-relationship – for example, when the dark-haired wife of a dark-haired husband has given birth to a flaxen-haired child.) On the contrary, all individuals are the custodians of genetic pool, so to speak, that comprehends a variety of genes – that comprehends, in fact, an enormous variety of genetic traits which depend, for their realization, on combinations among the relevant genes as well as on combinations with environmental factors. The children receive their traits from the same pool as their parents, but the traits they receive may be quite different. Two persons may dip into the same pool and pull out entirely different fish, and this accounts for the variety among persons of identical ancestry. "Children," as Sir Gavin de Beer puts it, "are the delayed brothers and sisters of their parents." It is only identical twins who ever have at all the same inheritance.

Another oversimplification of our common thinking is that civilization provides an environment in which natural selection no longer operates; that is, in something called "state of nature" disease culls the weak, allowing only the strong to survive and to perpetuate their kind, while the availability of medical care in a state of civilization allows the weak also to perpetuate themselves. In fact, however, natural selection in a state of civilization may be simply responding to another environment from the pre-civilized environment, rather than suspending operations altogether. In an environment that includes medical care natural selection does not prevent men from losing their adaptations to an environment without it, but it makes them better adapted than their ancestors to the post-primitive environment that does include medical care.

The most civilized environments have, it is true, led to the substitution, for a high birth-rate and high infant-mortality, of a low birth-rate and negligible infant-mortality. A common supposition has been that, where virtually all who are born grow up to reproduce their kind, there is virtually no selection. Mr. Dob-

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zhansky cites evidence, however, that the decline of selective mortality may be more than compensated for by an increase in selective fertility, the children of small families being more variable in their fertility than those of large families.

I used to assume that there was some sort of absolute genetic strength, a genetic strength that was not relative to what I would have termed "artificial" environments, a genetic strength that could be tested only by a return to what I thought of as an environmental norm, by a "return to nature." Today I am less sure of this distinction between a "state of nature" and everything else. My own conception of "natural" evolution has come to embrace the evolution of civilization along with the evolution of the individual organism. (In this I have simply been keeping up with the *Zeitgeist*.)

We get back, then, to the danger of making too sharp a distinction between environment and heredity. (I wish Mr. Dobzhansky and others would stop calling this the "nature-nurture" problem.) Biological evolution does not represent adaptation to some one established environment, some eternal environment that bears the maker's stamp of God or Nature. Earthworms changed their environment when they made the soil porous, and having changed it they had a new environment to which, by the operations of natural selection, they became adapted. The fault of my earlier thinking (of what is still our common thinking) was the one already mentioned, that of applying the concept of evolution only to organisms, not to their environments. But the evolution of organisms and the evolution of their environments march together in this irreversibly evolving world of ours. Marching together, they interdepend and interact, each taking a step alternately with the other. When men took to agriculture, clearing the forests and planting the soil, they changed the environment to which they had to adapt, and by changing their environment they changed themselves. Mr. Dobzhansky cites a paper by A. Brues in which he suggests that

> "... a light linear body build may be favored in populations that live by hunting and pursuing game (the 'spearmen'), while a heavy muscular build is advantageous to users of blunt crushing implements and projectile weapons requiring momentary application of a large force (the 'archers'); a brawny constitution is also favored in settled agriculturists who must be capable of sustained hard labor. Changes in implements and techniques of obtaining sustenance very likely demanded changes in the incidence of different body builds. This is perhaps one of the ways in which the evolution of culture influenced the evolution of the human physique, and vice versa."

One recalls Sir Winston Churchill's apothegm: "We shape our buildings, and then our buildings shape us."

Did the hive-dwelling bees, whose ancestors enjoyed social anarchy, depart from a "state of nature" when they developed their hives? Are their hives "artificial"? If the artifice of a species is a part of its nature, what does the distinction between "artificial" and "natural" mean?

I assume, today, that adaptation to some original "state of nature" is not the criterion of man's welfare. Organic and social evolution march together and are, alike, irreversible. We are never going back to where we have been, not even if civilization collapses all over the world. The danger is simply in becoming too exclusively adapted to excessively unstable environments – *e.g.*, coming to depend on medical care where medical care may abruptly fail, coming to depend on motorized transport where motorized transport may break down. Adaptation to a putative "state of nature," however, offers no escape. The "state of nature" that is more stable than the "state of civilization" is a myth. And if we were adapted to the environment of our Neanderthaloid forerunners (supposing that to be the "state of nature") we could not survive at all in the environments that have now replaced it.

The only answer is to get on with the job of developing and stabilizing our evolving environment, concurrently developing and stabilizing our own genetic potential as well. At the same time, we had better learn a great deal more than we now know about our genetic constitutions and what can be done with them. This is important because, having at last become conscious of it, we face the necessity of directing our own organic evolution from here on; and also because, in our ignorance or wantonness we might lose a hopeful future by such possible errors as omitting to control the expansion of our population, or augmenting the radioactivity in our environment to a point where the genetic mutations it produced in us proved a greater burden than our kind could bear.

The tenor of Mr. Dobzhansky's writing may be suggested in a final quotation:

> "A method may some day be discovered to induce directed mutations, *i.e.*, to change specific genes in desired ways. This would enable one to alter certain genes in the sex cells or in the body cells, and thus 'cure' hereditary diseases by removing their causes. Now, if the history of science has taught us anything, it is the unwisdom of declaring that certain things will never be discovered. I must nevertheless concur with [the opinion of H. J. Muller]: the problem of the management of human evolution should not be postponed until the conjectural time when directed mutation in man will have been discovered."

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After the Test Ban

The US Must Take the Initiative in Europe

by Zbigniew Brzezinski

There are two significant questions to ask about the test ban: why did the USSR suddenly agree to it, and what ought to be the US response in the months ahead. The answers to these questions, as I will try to show, are first that Khrushchev and his colleagues have decided that their policies of the past six years have failed, and second that if the US is to benefit from this turn of events, it must now make a major new effort to reunify Europe. Failure to make such an effort could cause the American position in Europe to be challenged on two fronts: by new Soviet overtures to Western Europe and by Gaullist overtures to the USSR. Both developments would capitalize on Western European (particularly German) frustration with the status quo.

Khrushchev's acceptance of an "atmosphere-only" test ban strongly suggests a major Soviet reassessment of the world situation and an implicit acknowledgement that Soviet policies of the last few years have failed. The Soviet leaders have evidently concluded that the general world situation is again in a "quiescent" stage. Instead of dissipating Soviet resources in useless revolutionary efforts, or missile adventures of the Cuban variety, they will probably concentrate on consolidating their present position.

What produced this reappraisal in Moscow? Six years ago the Soviet leaders were extremely confident that the Soviet economy would continue to grow rapidly, and that Soviet society would be increasingly free of internal contradictions. With the emergence of the post-bourgeois, post-1917 generation, the oppressive Stalinist system seemed an anachronism. The Communist Party could henceforth rule benevolently, taking advantage of the greater spontaneous creativity of people reared under socialism.

Their hopes have not been fulfilled. Economic growth has not been as rapid as expected. Agriculture has remained underproductive. The standard of living has not risen in recent years, and has even declined in some respects because of major increases in food prices. More important still, the hope of internal harmony has not materialized. The intellectuals and even the youth have proven unwilling to accept the doctrinaire rule of the Party. Many ethnic minorities have shown increasing rather than diminishing awareness of a non-Russian identity, and there has been mounting resentment against Moscow control. So the Party has had to involve itself more and more directly in the management of things and people, and this inevitably produces still more tensions. Furthermore, the Soviet leadership has been both irritated and embarrassed by recent Chinese charges that internal developments in the USSR are not orthodox Marxism-Leninism. The Soviet leaders' uncertain and ambivalent attitude toward recalcitrant intellectuals reflects their inability to come to grips with these doctrinal problems. Unwilling or unable to recognize that contradictions have persisted within a "socialist" society, the leaders naturally cannot formulate an effective policy for dealing with these contradictions, of which obstreperous intellectuals and youth are only one example.

The USSR has also had troubles abroad. With respect to the Communist bloc, the Soviet leaders have realized since 1952 that the rigid Stalinist system, requiring monolithic unity and uniformity, is no longer practicable. The diversity of national settings clearly requires greater institutional diversity. This should in theory be offset by closer economic cooperation and by ideological unity.

Here again, hopes have been disappointed. The Sino-Soviet dispute has gradually escalated from a strategic disagreement to an ideological schism. This increasingly bitter national conflict has ,moreover, set a precedent elsewhere in the bloc. Albanian defiance and Rumanian economic dissatisfaction portend further erosion of the Soviet position. In Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia some members of the Communist Party are bitterly dissatisfied with Soviet policies. The same is by and large true of the East German Party. The bloc is increasingly characterized by confusion and disarray. Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria maintain a status quo position in international affairs and favor Khrushchev's position. North Vietnam, North Korea (and, one may suspect, East Germany) want to alter the status quo and are apparently sympathetic to the Chinese. At

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the same time, some parties (such as Hungary's and to a limited extent Czechoslovakia's) are moving towards greater domestic moderation. Some parties (such as Poland's) are moving toward greater domestic rigidity. Several parties (Rumanian and Bulgarian, for instance) are maintaining comparatively rigid Stalinism at home even though supporting Khrushchev in external affairs. All of this indicates that ideological unity is difficult to maintain without a central arbiter. Economic cooperation has also proved more difficult to achieve than the Soviet leaders expected.

The USSR has been no more successful in dealing with the new nations than in dealing with the bloc. Events in the Congo and the Middle East have shown that neither Soviet economic aid nor the Soviet economic model are sufficiently attractive to ensure the kind of political changes within the new nations which the USSR wants. Yet the Soviet leadership has become so committed to its line, not to speak of its investments, that turning back is difficult. Furthermore, a more militant policy toward the underdeveloped countries would at this point look like an admission that the Chinese have been right all along.

The crucial failure of Soviet theory and practice has, however, been in dealing with the West. Up to last fall Khrushchev had been pursuing a policy aimed at "peace with victories." The Soviet leaders have always had reasonably high respect for American nuclear power, and they did not want all-out war. Nor did they want to assign scarce men and resources to preparations for large-scale war. Since they were increasingly confident, especially after 1957, that their ideological and economic weapons were superior to the West's, and that the West might even be cowed by Soviet rockets, they saw peaceful co-existence as the slow but painless road to world communism. At the same time, the Soviet leaders expected sustained political and military pressure against the West to erode American resistance, bringing concessions in such vital areas as Berlin. These concessions, born of exhaustion, would in turn stimulate frustration and embitterment in Europe, and particularly in Germany. Disunity would mean more concessions, *ad infinitum*. And while NATO disintegrated, the preeminence of the US in world affairs would be replaced by an American-Soviet duet. That is why Khrushchev had been so anxious to visit Eisenhower and the Soviet Union to deal directly with the US. Such parity would in itself constitute a major gain for the Soviet Union.

This expectation proved wrong. The situation in Central Europe has not improved appreciably in recent years from the Soviet point of view. Out of frustration and a misguided sense of confidence, Khrushchev then turned to adventurism. By placing missiles on Cuba he and his colleagues apparently hoped to force a solution in Berlin and thereby unfreeze Central Europe. In the course of the Cuban crisis, however, the Soviet leaders realized what they had previously doubted: that Mr. Kennedy was willing to use his immense military power for political ends. The Cuban crisis has thus been the critical watershed in American-Soviet relations. The decision to pull back led Khrushchev and his colleagues to a complete reappraisal of their policies.

Is it shrinking yet, Konrad?

In their reappraisal, the Soviet leaders rejected the Chinese argument that national liberation conflicts are the major factor of change in the international arena. The Soviet leaders realized that accepting the Chinese argument would mean committing more Soviet resources to this conflict. Even more important, the leadership in such a revolutionary movement would pass to Chinese hands, since China's is a more recent and more relevant revolution. Instead, the Soviet leaders preferred to conclude that the world is again in a "quiescent" stage, that revolutionary potentialities are low, and that expectations for the spread of communism must be geared accordingly.

The Soviet leaders hope, however, to use the present lull to consolidate Russo-American parity, gained in the late fifties, particularly in the course of Khrushchev's visits to the United States, and from eagerly quoted American statements conceding military parity. They also expect to assimiliate knowledge gained from the

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recent nuclear tests and perhaps develop some new weapons system which would alter the balance of power. (This would, of course, spell the end of the quiescent phase.) Finally, they intend during the quiescent phase to improve their position in Europe and win greater Western acceptance of their permanent hegemony in the East. Beyond that the Soviet leaders may hope that the new Soviet-American agreement will prevent the French, and thus indirectly the Germans, from building effective nuclear weapons. This is a matter of some importance to the USSR, since a combined Franco-German nuclear force might well challenge the Soviet position in Europe in a way that America has not. And if such a force is built, the Soviet leaders may expect that American efforts to prevent it will generate new conflict within the Western camp. If the West Europeans were further embittered against American leadership, this would create new opportunities for Soviet diplomatic initiative, particularly toward West Germany.

Although the Soviets are eager to undermine European-American unity, their attitude towards intra-European unity is ambivalent. The Soviets have welcomed economic conflict among the West European nations, for conflict not only delays the emergence of the Common Market as a rival to the USSR, but also revalidates the Marxist-Leninist belief that capitalism contains inherent contradictions. Furthermore, a divided Europe is likely to remain dominated by the US, and this permits direct Soviet-American negotiations about its future. The Soviet leaders think the US basically shares the USSR's interest in preserving the European status quo. A united Europe, independent of the US, might not accept the status quo. Nevertheless, if Europe is to be united, the Soviets want to ensure that European unity is offset by European-American conflict. The USSR wants to avoid any possibility of a united Europe's first rejecting the status quo and then persuading the US to support European ambitions. If a test ban produces additional tension between America and its French and German allies – as indeed it already has – then that is a gain for the USSR. If American-European conflict eventually reduces American willingness to defend vital West European interests, better yet.

That is why the USSR wants a non-aggression pact, or something like it, particularly with the US, for the pact would directly and vividly demonstrate American acceptance of a divided Europe. The pact would also buttress the USSR's East European position, which recent divisions within the Communist camp have somewhat undermined.

Clearly then, the test-ban agreement does not mark a sudden return to the comparative warmth of Soviet-American relations in 1942-45. The regime which a year ago was smuggling missiles into Cuba is not likely to deliberately undertake an enduring friendship with the leading "imperialist" power in the immediate future. To be sure, the test ban may have consequences not anticipated by Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues. A thaw in American-Soviet relations, even if planned as a temporary pause, could gradually lead to an entirely new relationship. The test ban has already helped intensify the Sino-Soviet disagreement, and this could in turn push the Soviet Union further towards the West. Nor should we underestimate the process of change within the Soviet Union. Some day Khrushchev's successors might find new reasons for continuing a policy of quiescence and adjustment. Step by step the Soviet Union might gradually move toward genuine acceptance of the status quo.

Obviously American foreign policy must be designed to encourage such possibilities. But a policy resting on the division of Europe is not likely to do this. Such a policy would increase German frustration, encourage Bonn to seek a deal with Moscow, and thereby reawaken Soviet ambitions in Central Europe. Furthermore, such a US policy would leave European leadership to General de Gaulle. In the last two years de Gaulle has move consciously and steadily to assert French leadership, not in a divided Western Europe, but in a reunited Europe. Underlying all the Franco-American debates concerning the French nuclear deterrent is his fundamental feeling that Europe is no longer threated by Soviet attack, and that a new "all-European" policy is therefore possible – no, necessary.

Yet America offers Europe essentially a defensive posture. President Kennedy's recent trip to Europe was truly a trip of "reassurance." The trouble is that Europeans no longer need to be reassured of US willingness to defend them. The problem is quite different. General de Gaulle came close to saying this explicitly in his recent press conference: "The United States, which since Yalta and Potsdam has had nothing to demand from the Soviets, now sees prospects of understanding opening before it. The result is the separate negotiations between the Anglo-Saxons and the Soviets, which starting from the restricted nuclear test agreement appear about to be extended to other questions, notably European questions, and so far in the absence of the Europeans. This evidently runs counter to the views of France. For a long time, France has believed that the day may come when a sincere detente and even an entente will allow a complete change in the relations between East and West in Europe. When this day comes, and I have said this before, France expects to make constructive proposals concerning the peace, equilibrium, and destiny of Europe."

These words clearly convey the danger facing the US should it adopt a static posture in Europe. At some opportune moment France is likely to put forth pro-

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posals concerning the reunification of Europe. These proposals will almost certainly strike a responsive chord among many Germans and Central Europeans. It is difficult at present to guess what they will be; much will depend on the general international context. But broadly speaking there are two possibilities: if world tensions increase de Gaulle might make proposals which he knew were unacceptable to the USSR, but which he thought would win enthusiastic approval in West Germany and perhaps elsewhere. Alternatively, if the context is of detente, the French may advance moderate proposals designed to protect the present territorial integrity of Poland and even transitionally the existence of East Germany (to which de Gaulle once referred as "Saxony and Prussia"). These proposals might include realistic steps towards European reunification, such as economic and political ties, presumably of an intermediate and indirect nature, between East Europe, Russia, and Western Europe. Coming from de Gaulle such a proposal might be palatable to the West Germans, presumably by then embittered with American passivity. Whatever the nature of his proposals, the US would have no choice but to follow suit and to support his initiative. Anything less would be tantamount to supporting the division of Europe. The US clearly could not afford to do that. But supporting de Gaulle would mean the abdication of American leadership and vindication of President de Gaulle's policies since 1961.

Given this alternative, the US must design its own policy for reuniting Europe. Such a policy need not be provocative and should not ignore the Soviet stake in Central Europe. Indeed, its purpose should not be the splitting of individual East Europen states from the USSR, but rather encouraging the entire Soviet bloc into a closer relationship with the rest of Europe. In many respects all of these states share a common European heritage, a common religious past and a common sense of identification. Conflict with the Chinese has underlined this.

The US should, therefore, propose new relationships between the Common Market and the Communist states, preferably taking advantage of some symbolic moment to speak through President Kennedy. The aim should be to improve the standard of living and the way of life in the Communist states, in keeping with Western values and without the coercion and terror which still characterize Communist policies. The US should open an articulate dialogue with Communist societies and should address itself to the internal tensions and difficulties which these societies face. There should be greater effort to discuss constructively and openly the internal difficulties which the Communist states face and to suggest ways of overcoming these difficulties in a manner which encourages the evaluation of these societies into more acceptable forms. Above all, we must address ourselves more to the restless youth, particularly in the Soviet Union. They are thirsting for knowledge about the world and also about their own past. Books and materials about Stalinism, in Russian, are eagerly sought by a generation anxious to understand why it happened and determined never to let it happen again. We must keep open channels of communication with the Communist countries, and speak directly to the peoples now under Communist rule. Instead of merely hoping for the political leaders in these countries to bring them into the Western camp, we must persistently invite them to join in a constructive all-European undertaking, thereby stimulating popular pressure on the Communist leaders. If the test-ban agreement leads the US to such an affirmative and peaceful engagement in the future of *all* Europe, it will indeed be a landmark in the history of post-war international relations.

Civil Rights – A Challenge

by Robert Bork

Passions are running so high over racial discrimination that the various proposals to legislate its manifestations out of existence seem likely to become textbook examples of the maxim that great and urgent issues are rarely discussed in terms of the principles they necessarily involve. In this case, the danger is that justifiable abhorrence of racial discrimination will result in legislation by which the morals of the majority are self-righteously imposed upon a minority. That has happened before in the United States – Prohibition being the most notorious instance – but whenever it happens it is likely to be subversive of free institutions.

Instead of a discussion of the merits of legislation, of which the proposed Interstate Public Accommodations

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Act outlawing discrimination in business facilities serving the public may be taken as the prototype, we are treated to debate whether it is more or less cynical to pass the law under the commerce power or the Fourteenth Amendment, and whether the Supreme Court is more likely to hold it Constitutional one way or the other. Heretical though it may sound to the constitutional sages, neither the Constitution nor the Supreme Court qualifies as a first principle. The discussion we ought to hear is of the cost in freedom that must be paid for such legislation, the morality of enforcing morals through law, and the likely consequences for law enforcement of trying to do so.

Few proponents of legislation such as the Interstate Public Accommodations Act seem willing to discuss either the cost in freedom which must accompany it or why this particular departure from freedom of the individual to choose with whom he will deal is justified. Attorney General Kennedy appears to recognize but to wish to avoid these questions, for, in speaking on behalf of the bill before a congressional committee, he went so far as to state that the law would create no precedent. That of course is nothing less than an admission that he does not care to defend the bill on general principles.

There seems to be a strong disposition on the part of proponents of the legislation simply to ignore the fact that it means a loss in a vital area of personal liberty. That it does is apparent. The legislature would inform a substantial body of the citizenry that in order to continue to carry on the trades in which they are established they must deal with and serve persons with whom they do not wish to associate. In part the willingness to overlook that loss of freedom arises from the feeling that it is irrational to choose associates on the basis of racial characteristics. Behind that judgment, however, lies an unexpressed natural-law view that some personal preferences are rational, that others are irrational, and that a majority may impose upon a minority its scale of preferences. The fact that the coerced scale of preferences is said to be rooted in a moral order does not alter the impact upon freedom. In a society that purports to value freedom as an end in itself, the simple argument from morality to law can be a dangerous non sequitur. Professor Mark DeWolf Howe, in supporting the proposed legislation, describes southern opposition to "the nation's objective" as an effort "to preserve ugly customs of a stubborn people." So it is. Of the ugliness of racial discrimination there need be no argument (though there may be some presumption in identifying one's own hotly controverted aims with the objective of the nation). But it is one thing when stubborn people express their racial antipathies in laws which prevent individuals, whether white or Negro, from dealing with those who are willing to deal with them, and quite another to tell them that even as individuals they may not act on their racial preferences in particular areas of life. The principle of such legislation is that if I find your behavior ugly by my standards, moral or aesthetic, and if you prove stubborn about adopting my view of the situation, I am justified in having the state coerce you into more righteous paths. That is itself a principle of unsurpassed ugliness.

Freedom is a value of very high priority and the occasions upon which it is sacrificed ought to be kept to a minimum. It is necessary that the police protect a man from assault or theft but it is a long leap from that to protection from the insult implied by the refusal of another individual to associate or deal with him. The latter involves a principle whose logical reach is difficult to limit. If it is permissible to tell a barber or a rooming house owner that he must deal with all who come to him regardless of race or religion, then it is impossible to see why a doctor, lawyer, accountant, or any other professional or business man should have the right to discriminate. Indeed, it would be unfair discrimination to leave anybody engaged in any commercial activity with that right. Nor does it seem fair or rational, given the basic premise, to confine the principle to equal treatment of Negroes as customers. Why should the law not require not merely fair hiring of Negroes in subordinate positions but the choice of partners or associates in a variety of business and professional endeavors without regard to race or creed? Though such a law might presently be unenforceable, there is no distinction in principle between it and what is proposed. It is diffcult to see an end to the principle of enforcing fair treatment by private individuals. It certainly need not be confined to racial or commercial matters. The best way to demonstrate the expansiveness of the principle behind the proposed legislation is to examine the arguments which are used to justify it.

Perhaps the most common popular justification of such a law is based on a crude notion of waivers: insistence that barbers, lunch counter operators, and similar businessmen serve all comers does not infringe their freedom because they "hold themselves out to serve the public." The statement is so obviously a fiction that it scarcely survives articulation. The very reason for the proposed legislation is precisely that some individuals have made it as clear as they can that they do not hold themselves out to serve the public.

A second popular argument, usually heard in connection with laws proposed to be laid under the Fourteenth Amendment, is that the rationale which required the voiding of laws enforcing segregation also requires the prohibition of racial discrimination by business licensed by any governmental unit because "state action" is involved. The only legitimate thrust of the

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"state action" characterization, however, is to enable courts to see through governmental use of private organizations to enforce an official policy of segregation. There is a fundamental difference between saying that the state cannot turn over its primary election process, which is actually the only election that matters, to the "private" and all-white Democratic Party and saying that a chiropodist cannot refuse a Negro patient because a state board has examined him and certified his competence. The "state action" concept must be confined to discerning state enforcement of policy through a nominally private agency or else it becomes possible to discern the hand of the state in every private action.

One of the shabbiest forms of "argument" is that endorsed by James Reston when he described the contest over the public accommodations bill as one between "human rights" and "property rights." Presumably no one of "liberal" views has any difficulty deciding the question when so concisely put. One wishes nonetheless, that Mr. Reston would explain just who has rights with respect to property other than humans. If A demands to deal with B and B insists that for reasons sufficient to himself he wants nothing to do with A, I suppose even Reston would agree that both are claiming "human rights" and that this is in no way changed if one of the humans is colored and the other white. How does the situation change if we stipulate that they are standing on opposite sides of a barber chair and that B owns it?

A number of people seem to draw a distinction between commercial relationships and all others. They feel justified, somehow, in compelling a rooming house owner or the proprietor of a lunch counter to deal with all comers without regard to race but would not legislate acceptance of Negroes into private clubs or homes. The rationale appears to be that one relationship is highly personal and the other is just business. Under any system which allows the individual to determine his own values that distinction is unsound. It is, moreover, patently fallacious as a description of reality. The very bitterness of the resistance to the demand for enforced integration arises because owners of many places of business do in fact care a great deal about whom they serve. The real meaning of the distinction is simply that some people do not think others ought to care that much about that particular aspect of their freedom.

One of the Kennedy administration's arguments for the bill is that it is necessary to provide legal redress in order to get the demonstrators out of the streets. That cannot be taken seriously as an independent argument. If southern white racists – or northern ones, for that matter – were thronging the streets, demanding complete segregation of commercial facilities, it is to be hoped that no responsible politician would suggest passing a law to enable them to enforce their demands

in court. In this connection, it is possible to be somewhat less than enthusiastic about the part played by "moral leaders" in participating in demonstrations against private persons who discriminate in choice of their patrons. It feeds the danger of the violence which they are the first to deplore. That might nevertheless be tolerable if they were demonstrating against a law that coerced discrimination. They are actually part of a mob coercing and distributing other private individuals in the exercise of their freedom. Their moral position is about the same as Carrie Nation's when she and her followers invaded saloons.

Though the basic objection is to the law's impact upon individual liberty, it is also appropriate to question the practicality of enforcing a law which runs contrary to the customs, indeed the moral beliefs, of a large portion of the country. Of what value is a law which compels service to Negroes without close surveillance to make sure the service is on the same terms given to whites? It is not difficult to imagine many ways in which barbers, landlords, lunch counter operators, and the like can nominally comply with the law but effectively discourage Negro patrons. Must federal law enforcement agencies become in effect public utility commissions charged with the supervision of the nation's business establishments or will the law become an unenforceable symbol of hypocritical righteousness?

It is sad to have to defend the principle of freedom in this context, but the task ought not to be left to those

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southern politicians who only a short while ago were defending laws that enforced racial segregation. There seem to be few who favor racial equality who also perceive or are willing to give primacy to the value of freedom in this struggle. A short while back the majority of the nation's moral and intellectual leaders opposed all the manifestations of "McCarthyism" and quite correctly assured the nation that the issue was not whether communism was good or evil but whether men ought to be free to think and talk as they pleased. Those same leaders seem to be running with the other pack this time. Yet the issue is the same. It is not whether racial prejudice or preference is a good thing but whether individual men ought to be free to deal and associate with whom they please for whatever reasons appeal to them. This time "stubborn people" with "ugly customs" are under attack rather than intellectuals and academicians; but that sort of personal comparison surely ought not to make the difference.

The trouble with freedom is that it will be used in ways we abhor. It then takes great self restraint to avoid sacrificing it, just this once, to another end. One may agree that it is immoral to treat a man according to his race or religion and yet question whether that moral preference deserves elevation to the level of the principle of individual freedom and self-determination. If, every time an intensely-felt moral principle is involved, we spend freedom, we will run short of it.

Civil Rights—A Reply

The New Republic's commentary on civil rights over the years should make it obvious that the editors disagree emphatically with Mr. Bork's thesis. Yet his fears about the proposed legislation are shared by many Americans, including many readers of the *New Republic*, so they deserve both a forum and an answer.

In discussing the law we share Justice Holmes' preference for appeals to experience rather than logic. In the light of recent American experience Mr. Bork's argument seems to have several defects.

First, Mr. Bork speaks about the "freedom of the individual" as if the owners of hotels, motels, restaurants and other public accommodations were today legally free to serve whomever they please. This, as everyone knows, is seldom the case. For centuries English common law obligated innkeepers to accommodate any well-behaved traveller, and his horses. Most states have today embodied this tradition in public accommodation statutes. In the North, these statutes generally require a restaurant, hotel or motel to accept all sober and orderly comers, regardless of race. In the South, Jim Crow legislation enacted at the end of the nineteenth century until recently required the owners of public establishments to segregate their facilities. The Supreme Court has now declared the Jim Crow statutes unconstitutional, but even today the owner who wants to serve both Negroes and whites is likely to have difficulty exercising his newly acquired "right" in many areas. Mr. Bork would presumably deplore the whole tradition that "public accommodations" must provide public service as well as private profit. But he cannot maintain that new legislation in this field would mean a sudden increase of government intervention in private affairs. The Administration's civil rights bill would simply extend to the national level principles and practices long employed locally.

Experience also argues against Bork's equation between the distress caused by having to serve a Negro and the distress caused by refusing to serve him. Both exist, and both deserve consideration, but no amount of rhetoric about freedom can give them equal weight. Despite what Mr. Bork says, the "loss of freedom" caused by having to serve Negroes is in most cases pecuniary, not personal. If personal freedom were to be protected we would need legislation allowing individual waitresses, hotel clerks and charwomen to decide whom they would serve and whom they would not. The fact is, however, that such people must serve whomever their employer tells them to serve, and refuse whomever he tells them to refuse. The right to segregate is, as everyone but Mr. Bork admits, a right deriving solely from title to property. It is neither more nor less sacrosanct than other economic privileges. It can be regulated in the same way that the right to build a restaurant on one's residential property is regulated.

There are, of course, some owners of public establishments who have personal contact with the clients – the much debated case of Mrs. Murphy's boarding house. Perhaps such establishments should be exempt from the proposed public accommodations law. But even here the claims of private freedom must be weighed against the claims of public convenience.

Government without principle ends in shipwreck; but government according to any single principle, to the exclusion of all other, ends in madness. Mr. Bork's principle of private liberty is important, and his distrust of public authority often justified. But to apply this principle in disregard of all others would today require the repeal of the industrial revolution. Perhaps, however, that is what Mr. Bork wants. THE EDITORS

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Miss McCarthy's Era

by Stanley Kauffmann

Mary McCarthy is both representative and *sui generis*. An intellectual child of the thirties, she has long been concerned with matters that concern many of us; and her total range of interests has been wider than any other American woman writer's of her time.

She has now published a new novel about women, *The Group*, dealing not merely with her contemporaries but with her classmates, eight members of Vassar '33. They are fictional women, of course, but an author does not write of fellow-alumnae in order to disregard what she knows of them. (As for a portrait of herself, anyone who wants to play locksmith to a *roman à clef* will have to assemble different McCarthy facts from different characters: the Western girl who comes East, and then marries into the theater, the literary beginner scurrying for reviews.) The book begins with the marriage of one girl a week after Commencement and ends with the death of the same girl in 1940. There are brief excursions to Boston and Cleveland, but the locus and focus are New York. There is no attempt to give all the lives of all eight of the group. Some characters are dropped early and re-appear only at the end, some come to prominence only toward the end.

The Group
by Mary McCarthy
(Harcourt, Brace & World; $5.95)

They are a useful assortment: one who works in Macy's to support a playwright husband; a hospital technician; a prissy New Dealer; a hopeful *litterateuse*; a Bostonian who talks over Everything frankly with Mother; a social worker's sexy wife; an aesthete who becomes an international Lesbian; a hearty, animal-loving rich girl. There are attendant and less attendant husbands and lovers, some of whom interchange roles. Two mothers figure prominently, and one father.

The material of the book is the very air breathed in New York in the thirties: the New Deal, Communism (Stalinist and Trotskyite), psychoanalysis, the labor movement, the Spanish Civil War, the menace of Hitler, the Depression, refugees, the changing of social hues (the increasing ridicule of formerly venerable middle-class virtues, the decline of the hastily elevated American aristocracy, the rise of the name-changed Jew). It seems a perfect mating of author and subject, the culmination of a career. As Pasternak to *Dr. Zhivago*, as Waugh to his Catholic officer-gentleman trilogy, so Miss McCarthy seems to a novel of girl graduates in the New York Thirties – a juncture all the more welcome because there is a gap in our literature to be filled. Many, many novels deal with the period and place, but the monument for those who lived through the period and the tap-root for those who come after, that novel seemed Miss McCarthy's happy destiny.

She said while she was writing *The Group*: "It's a novel about the idea of progress, really. The idea of progress seen in the female sphere. . . . It's supposed to be the history of the loss of faith in progess, during that twenty-year period." (This quotation and others, below, from her discourse come from a *Paris Review* interview.) The completed novel runs only seven years, not twenty; neither, in my view, does it deal with the decline of the progress idea. (Not that she need be held to an early prospectus but I cannot see how it even engages this theme.) However, what is relevant is that, instead of the book that her career and her being led us to expect, she has produced a readable, generally interesting novel, a minor achievement and a major disappointment.

Among its virtues, the chief is it social reporting of a decade. It is not social history; it does not mine deeply enough. But the surface reproduction of the thirties is vivid. She recalls for us the public and private disputes about Roosevelt and Freud, how Communism and Fascism seemed the only possible political alternatives, the guilt of money-inheritors, the college graduates joining labor demonstrations the way they now join racial demonstrations. The one serious omission is black Depression poverty, which was not absent from these circles. She gives us only "fun" poverty – girls sharing apartments, young couples on strict budgets.

There are also well-turned episodes. A novel with a multiple protagonist tends to be a series of set-pieces, engineered and complete in themselves, without cumulative effect. Miss McCarthy does not completely escape that danger, but some of the episodes are burnished off neatly. The chapter in which Dottie loses her Bostonian virginity, the scene in which the frank Norine and the refined Helena discuss Norine's infidelities, the later scene between the re-married Norine and the prissy Priss, the encounter between Kay and Polly in the mental hospital, all these have pungency, a sense of cutting down to the bones of candor and animosity that are Miss McCarthy's skeletal strength. (Very much less successful is a self-conscious, lengthy aria about a rich family's "perfect" English butler, a trite concept tritely executed, from a completely irrelevant point of view.)

She has always had a talent for mordant humor. Can one forget Miles Murphy's knees slipping on the horsehair sofa as he makes love to his ex-wife in *A Charmed Life*? There are some passages here that measure with

Coming

City of Dreadful Night

by Richard Gilman

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her scarifying best: the scene at the gynecologist's where the diaphragm squishes out of the initiate Dottie's fingers, the scene where the friends dress Kay's corpse for burial and are undecided about putting a brassiere on her. Randall Jarrell's novel *Pictures from An Institution* portrays a smiling woman writer who, it is rumored, bears a relation to Miss McCarthy. Of her the narrator says: "Torn animals were removed at sunset from that smile." In the pages referred to above and occasionally elsewhere in *The Group*, a similar smile flashes lethally.

Intentions toward symbolism can be saluted as they pass. Priss, the New Dealer, wants to put her baby on formula; her doctor-husband, a conservative, insists that she nurse it. Polly's lover, a book editor, is separated from his Communist wife whom he married instead of joining the Party; his analyst persuades him to quit Polly and return to his wife. Norine leaves her impotent, blue-blood, social-worker husband for a very potent Jewish banker husband. Kay may have been a suicide or may simply have fallen out a window – of the Vassar Club! – while plane-spotting in 1940 after two cocktails. So long as one lets these symbols operate in the corner of the eye, with minimal scrutiny, they give the book some thin nourishment.

But after one has noted these pleasures in *The Group*, one must tell a miserable rosary of defects. The risks of the group protagonist are not only in episodic structure but in poorly realized characters. Let us overlook the confusions of the opening chapter, at Kay's wedding, in which everyone is introduced and, almost literally, labeled. Succeeding chapters bring life to only a few. One is so completely dropped (Pokey) that it is hard to understand why she was ever included. Others, who are treated with as much attention as any, fail to crystallize as individuals. Helena, Libby, Polly, Dottie – excepting their physical descriptions, occupations, marital statuses – seem interchangeable. It might have been Polly, not Libby, who was surprised by the ski instructor's assault. Why is it Kay who went mad and not Norine? In most of these girls there is no conviction of inevitability of action growing from conviction of their existence.

Further, and joined to this, is the matter of what happens to them in the course of the book. Since Miss McCarthy's interview, she may have changed her mind about depicting the failure of progress, but what theme has she given us instead? What does the book deal with besides facsimile of an era and the passage of time? At the end Libby is where we knew she would be, buzzing along as a literary agent. Nothing at all seems to have happened to Pokey or Helena. Dottie has long disappeared into a Southwestern marriage. With a swirl of soap-opera suds, Polly is swept suddenly into marriage by a young doctor in her hospital. And with what may be irony but is a poor substitute for resolution, the last scene is given to Lakey, the Lesbian returned from abroad, and Harald, Kay's moderately bereft husband, who consider themselves the "two superior people" in the cast. Of any posited theme the book is innocent; and in sheer recreation of the flow of experience – theme enough, perhaps, because it includes all themes – the book is skimpy because it lacks realized characters.

And because of its style. This is the radical flow from which all the other flaws derive. That style is not only a new one for Miss McCarthy and a deficient medium for this book; it reveals, I think, something of her present attitudes toward literature.

For comparative purposes, let us glance at her earlier fiction. Her first book (1942) was *The Company She Keeps*, a collection of stories which she presents as a novel. To re-read it after *The Group* is almost a surrealist experience, for one finds, in this first work, the accomplished, refined version of much that is muddled in this latest book. These episodes all deal with a young graduate in the thirties, mostly in New York, but Margaret Sargent is not much of a composite, she is very nearly an autobiographical figure. "Let's be frank," says the author on this subject. " 'The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt' . . . was an attempt to describe something that really happened. . . . And the first story . . . was an attempt to be as exact as possible about something that had happened." The exactness is not, as in the new book, one of superficial detail; it is one of emotional reality, sequence, consequence. *Cruel and Barbarous Treatment*, in my view, ranks with the best Katherine Mansfield; others in *The Company She Keeps* are varyingly successful. But in none of them is there any flabbiness of texture, any repeated clearings of the throat. A voice sounds – confident, controlled, artistically purposeful. The difference between this book and *The Group* is not, of course, that time has come between the author and the material; it is that her attitude toward the material seems to have changed.

The stories in her next collection *Cast A Cold Eye* (1950) seem to me negligible, but there is very little flabbiness. Her novella *The Oasis* (1952), an allegory about a group of Utopians in a summer colony, is overlong and seems little more than a private joke for those who can see through the masks; yet again the flesh is firm, the intent clear and *subscribed to* by the author.

In my view, her best fiction so far – a novel so fine and whole that time may be unable to leak in and rust it – is *The Groves of Academe* (1952), the work of a hellishly calm-browed Minerva and a calmly hellish demon. The nub of the book – the fake Communist past of the harried professor – is ingenious; its effects are surprising and ineluctable, pitiful and hilarious. And the style is superb. So is the style of *A Charmed Life* (1955), a novel of less interest. Miss McCarthy says it is a book about doubt, about a haunted town, with implications of tragedy from the start. For me it has a distinct taint, like her long tale *The Weeds*, of *New Yorker* fiction: cocktail-niblet seriousness, a black-mirror image of the exurbanite cartoons it might be winding around. (Besides, Miss McCarthy does not convince me that the heroine was ever an actress.)

Still, whatever its degree of success, all her fiction up to now has been distinguished by certainty of tone, sure control: acute feminine response combined with the sense of an adroit adversary, one of the most confidently skillful ever to confront the castration complex of man.

The Group might have been written by a different woman. Inevitably there are evidences of her wit and niceness

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of phrase. ("A slow, soft cough, like a perpetual scruple.") But generally the prose is shocking – no less a word will do – on three scores: uncertainty of viewpoint, lumpiness of style, thickness of factual detail.

The uncertainty of view is evident on the first page. After a straightforward description of the girls' gathering at a downtown church: "They were in the throes of discovering New York, imagine it. . . ." Soon after: "Helena Davison, whose parents out in Cincinnati, no, Cleveland. . . ." These interpolations of a cute *Mademoiselle* commentator into "straight" prose or into a character's viewpoint recur frequently. "She took a step backward and, girls, can you imagine it, she fainted kerplunk into Mr. LeRoy's arms!" Rarely is a viewpoint maintained; we feel that the author is afraid she is not being funny enough or wry or knowing enough and must cut a caper. At the end of a chapter done through a guest's eyes: "[Her son] was greedily eating chocolate cake, from a Jewish bakery. . . ." How did she know its source? In a passage from the book editor's view: "Unlike Priss, however, he was a secret believer in name brands. . . ." He and Priss never meet. Examples could be multiplied of flips and twists that jar us out of participation into consciousness of manufacture.

Use of words, sheer verbal felicity, has up to now been one of Miss McCarthy's sleekest muscles. I can find no sentence in her earlier work as coarse and blatantly external as this fair sample from the new book: "Intelligent and morbidly sensitive, she was inwardly screaming with pity for the principals and vicarious mortification." (That opening phrase – like an old theater-program character description – is a small artistic suicide note.) Nor can we believe, in context, that this is satire: "Libby usually repaired to Schrafft's for a malted after a session with Mr. LeRoy. On this day of evil omen. . . ." There are solecisms: "The *hoi polloi*." "Shades of Ibsen." "Replica version."

As for the deluge of factual detail, I cite a few outstanding examples. There are 17 lines describing a Macy shopper-spy – of no relevance to story or texture. There is a list of 32 magazines to establish a home's intellectual milieu. Besides the many factual blockbusters, there is a constant peppering with pel-

Libby does her reports "on a kind of sky-blue typing paper that was still manufactured in one of the mills in Pittsfield." It is John O'Hara, himself rank, gone cancerous. (And, as must happen with this sort of exhibitionism, mistakes occur: *e.g.*, Gray's ticket counter wasn't under the Times Building.)

Miss McCarthy's essay *The Fact in Fiction*, in her collection *On the Contrary*, may be supposed to contain her rationale for the detail here. "The distinctive mark of the novel is its concern with the actual world, the world of fact, of the verifiable, of figures, even, and statistics." "The more poetic a novel, the more it has the air of being a factual document." We remember how Joyce wrote from Paris to an aunt asking for small details about a Dublin house for use in *Ulysses*. Miss McCarthy notes that you can learn how to make strawberry jam from *Anna* lets: recipes, fashions, furnishings.

Three Variations on Finding's Keeping

I

In towns older than any new-found street
Where stranger seeks
Day's heart, or its excuse,
By factory's rite, at worship's habit,
Or in rat-race of grocery's
Complete mystery,
Two weeks easy
Should put that searching into sun's focus –
But never: terror and pride,
Old residents, leaf out darker,
Watcher by watcher, than any pin-oak
Shielding faded red upstairs hall runners.

II

And when sky's toil with gable,
Transient's dark luck,
Seems less moon's passing slight
Than neighbor's direct cut,
Mere hands' play could be earth's
Welcome, joy's gold, ringing all –
But never: decades narrow
Over sill, over eave, until both
Sleep in angles of chill.

III

Burrs catch and suddenly great trees unspur
God knows! But surely
When stranger likens,
Wildfire's intimate,
His evening's drop into roadside's rut
To sky's aplomb through rifts in roofs,
Even hatred might flare
Kinder over bean-plots than that red lily –
But never: our sun tills
Only its dusk, Time's elderly confusion,
In hall-tree mirror, house's glory,
And shiver of curtain, country's downfall, ever.

Frederick Bock

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Karenina. But it is only underscoring the point of her essay to emphasize that fact does not *make* fiction, it merely embraces it, gives it a habitation. Good scenery does not make plays nor do good locations make films.

Nor does accretion of facts make character. Creation is replaced here by dossier. For example:

> "Helena . . . could play the violin, the piano, the flute, and the trumpet; she had sung alto in the choir. She had been a camp counselor and had a senior lifesaving badge. She played a good game of tennis, golfed, skied, and figure skated; she rode, though she had never jumped or hunted. She had a real chemistry set. . . ."

Let us tune out and tune in again *twenty-eight lines* later.

> "At camp Helena had learned to sail and sing old catches and sea chanties, some of them rather off-color; she improvised on the mouth organ and was studying the recorder. She had had art lessons since she was six and showed quite a gift for drawing."

Quite understandably, Helena, who is one of the book's *lesser* figures, never comes to life.

All this frantic changing of voices, this rat-a-tat of minutiae seems intended to hold our interest – and perhaps the author's. Aware that wit is expected of her and with little of it forthcoming, she falls back on verbal spoof, which is so weak that it lapses into the thing spoofed. ("She spoke a breathless Italian, with a nifty Tuscan accent.") What we get is motion, not vitality. I do not argue that Miss McCarthy had no right to change her style from her previous fiction; I do argue that these changes are deteriorations, admissions of artistic poverty.

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The certification of this comes in part from herself. In her essay *Characters in Fiction* (in *On the Contrary*) she writes:

> "Most novelists today, I suspect, would like to 'go straight'; we are conscious of being twisted when we write. This is the self-consciousness, the squirming, of the form we work in. . . . There are moments when one would like to drop the pretense of being Mulcahy [in *The Groves of Academe*] and go on with the business of the novel. . . . What has been lost, however, in the continuing experiment is the power of the author to speak in his own voice or through the undisguised voice of an alter ego, the hero. . . ."

In her interview, asked which technical difficulties particularly concern her, she replied:

> "The problem of the point of view, and the voice . . . the author's voice, by a kind of ventriloquism, disappearing in and completely limited by the voices of his characters. What it has meant is the complete banishment of the author. I would like to restore the author! I haven't tried yet, but I'd like to try after [*The Group*], which is as far as I can go in ventriloquism. . . . If you deal with comic characters, as in my case, there is so much you can't say because you're limited by these mentalities."

To go straight. To drop pretense. To restore her voice. All these remarks, made ostensibly out of concern for the current psychological and social environment of the novel, really demarcate a profound divergence from the essences of art. If she is limited by her characters' mentalities, then they are no longer her means but are in her way. If fiction to her is pretense, then nonfiction is non-pretense. All this either represents a naïve view of fiction, impossible in her case, or a deep alteration in her literary being. Her career, as Van Wyck Brooks said, has been that of an essayist who also writes novels; now the present-day difficulties of novel-writing – huge and not in any way to be slighted – are so well apprehended by her as to give her considerable pause. Judgement of her preferences in work is irrelevant; judgment of her work is not. This new novel, so distinct from her previous fiction, is itself evidence of her doubts about fiction. The uncertainties and inferiorities of its prose show, I think, a basic disbelief in what the book is attempting, a disbelief that is the source of all its shortcomings.

It is pertinent to make one last comparison: between her story *The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt* and her article *Artists in Uniform* (also in *On the Contrary*). Both deal with a woman's encounter on a train with a bourgeois non-intellectual. In different ways he "conquers" her. In the former, he persuades her into bed; in the latter he stymies her in an argument about anti-Semitism. In both, the characters are defined, the male-female polarities exist, response and counter-response are cleanly etched (although in my view the story will last and the article will date). In an article *about* the article the author writes:

> "When I was thinking about writing the story, I decided not to treat it fictionally; the chief interest, I felt, lay in the fact that it happened, in real life, last summer to the writer herself, who was a good deal at fault in the incident. I wanted to embarrass myself and, if possible, the reader, too."

This is a revealing statement of a writer's movement away from fiction. The incident in the *Brooks Brothers Shirt* story actually happened, too, she says; and at that time – twenty or so years ago – her mind transmuted it to fiction: to achieve something of the same effects mentioned above and, in my opinion, considerably more.

As an admirer, I had hoped that this new book would do for its generation what Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook* does for its generation: illuminate and preserve in art a journey through our time as experienced with female brain, intuitions, glands, genitals. But *The Group* seems to be Miss McCarthy's 378-page testimony that she is no longer interested writing novels.

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To Bury the Dead

by James Ridgeway

Each year Americans spend more than $1.6 billion for funerals. On average the cost of burying a person comes to over $1,000 and represents the third largest cash outlay by a family. It is exceeded only by the purchase of a house and an automobile. This unusually high price for a funeral, however, does not derive from economic exigencies in the funeral business, but rather represents a bizarre practical joke perpetrated by the undertakers and allied interests at the expense of the public. Having a monopoly in the business of death they have found ways to cheat customers by making false advertising claims, to lie outright on matters of law, and to deny their customers, in moments of intense grief, the information they need to arrange an inexpensive funeral.

The American Way of Death
by Jessica Mitford
(Simon & Schuster; $4.95)

In fact, as Miss Mitford clearly illustrates, the bereaved person has no choice in this matter whatever. "In keeping with our high standards of living," says a funeral director loftily, "there should be an equally high standard of dying. The cost of a funeral varies according to individual taste and the niceties of living the family has been accustomed to." All this means is that the undertaker will exact what the traffic will bear.

The cost of a funeral is the cost of the casket, but also includes the many "services" of the funeral parlor: embalming the body, pallbearers, hearses, etc. From the moment the customer walks into the funeral home for the initial "Arrangement Conference," the con game starts. To begin with, he is subject to pressures unknown in any business dealing. He is heavy with grief, lacks the knowledge of the standards upon which to make a choice; and knows nothing of the law as it pertains to death. Moreover, he usually has insurance money readily available, and must necessarily make an on-the-spot decision. The undertaker is taught to greet his customer at the door with a firm and friendly handshake, and as an opening gambit ("spoken slowly and with real sincerity"): "I want to assure you that I'm going to do everything I can to be helpful to you." Thereupon, he leads the client into a casket display room, where the caskets are so arranged as to obscure the very few inexpensive ones which may be present. Indeed, some funeral homes maintain three casket display rooms. The first contains the real beauties at prices upwards of $1,000. If the customer has the nerve to say that he cannot afford to pay this amount, the undertaker leads him through a hidden door at the end of the room, into a second room where the caskets are less splendiforous and slightly less expensive. An iron-willed customer may force the undertaker's hand once more, gaining access to a third room. The prices decline accordingly, and if he keeps up the heat, he may eventually end up in the garage where in the corner he will find a simple, cheap casket.

Sometimes, to the irritation of the undertaker, the bereaved family brings along a clergyman for protection. "The man who has the clergyman making the selection for his families does have a nasty problem," says one undertaker. But there are methods of getting rid of him. "We tell the family," says another, "to go ahead and look over the caskets in the display room, and that the minister, if he has come with them, will join them later. We tell the minister that we have something we would like to talk to him about privately, and we've found that if we have some questions to ask him, he seems to be flattered that his advice is being sought, and we can keep him in the private office until the family has actually made its selection."

"Funeral people," says Miss Mitford, "are always telling each other about the importance of ethics . . . sentiment, integrity, standards, moral responsibility, frankness, cooperation, character. . . . Yet just as one is beginning to think what dears they really are . . . one's eye is caught by this sort of thing in *Mortuary Management:*

'You must start treating a child's funeral, from the time of death to the time time of burial, as a 'golden opportunity' for building good will and preserving sentiment, without which we wouldn't have any industry at all.'

"Or this in *The National Funeral Service Journal:*

'Buying habits are influenced largely by envy and environment. Don't

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> overlook the importance of these two factors in estimating the purchasing possibilities or potential of any family. . . . Envy is essentially the same as pride. . . . It is the idea of keeping up with the Joneses. . . . Sometimes it is only necessary to say "Here is a casket similar to the one the Joneses selected" to insure a selection in a substantially profitable bracket'."

The whole effort of the Dismal Trade is to persuade the customer that he both needs and subconsciously desires a "Beautiful Memory Picture" of the deceased, derived from viewing the decorated stiff laid out in a coffin.

Some people just don't care for dead bodies: "Don't want to see the body!" said one undertaker in amazement. "If they don't want to see the body it might just as well have taken a trip to Europe."

If the undertaker were unable to persuade people to view bodies, he would lose most of his business since the preparation, (or "restoration,") and display of cadavers is the major function he performs. Without this, he would return to his 19th-Century role as a coffin salesman. So the undertakers have mounted an elaborate public relations campaign to persuade their clients that not only is embalming a health measure, but more important that the embalmed body is the work of an incomparable artist who has learned his profession at an accredited college of mortuary science.

In fact, when the undertaker emerges from the college of mortuary science, where he has studied one knows not what, he often joins the Teamsters or the Electrical Workers and then goes to work at a parlor where his deft artist's hands make considerable use of a screw driver and pliers in ticklish situations. In most cases, all the undertaker does is to haul the corpse back to his shop, pump out the blood, and fill it up with 40 cents worth of fermaldyhyde. He sews up the lips, gives it a good coat of tint from an aerosol bomb ("Cover-Up Spray Paint" for instance, gives him a choice of four colors: Natural, Rachel, Flesh, Brunette, Suntan), adds a touch of rouge, and finally props up the thing on an innerspring mattress of a casket with a grand name such as Pompeian Urn Perfection Half Couch or Tribute I. If it is any good at all, the casket – in looks not unlike an outsize bassinet – will have a remote control system so that the mattress may be tilted this way or that to ensure a particularly striking effect at the viewing. The body is then carted to the slumber room where the undertaker goes to work in his next role, that of grief therapy. At this moment he apparently seeks to transfer his own absorption with dead bodies to the bereaved rather after the manner of mothers trying to interest their small children in new teddy bears. He fiddles around with the hair, removes the eye glasses, changes the position of the hands, and in other ways attempts to make the bereaved feel comfortable by reconstructing the minutiae of life. This interest in the arrangement of corpses can get a bit thick. The undertakers have a chemical which can be sprayed into the mouth of a cadaver to arrest the development of pyorrhea. Flying Tiger Airlines at one point advertised itself with the promise: "This Tiger Cares," and has something called "Tiger's exclusive Human Remains log." In Massachusetts proposed legislation would make it an offense to use profane, indecent or obscene language in the presence of a corpse.

Miss Mitford kindly attributes much of the development of the undertaking industry to a 20th-Century preoccupation with status symbols, although it may be pointed out that this strain of vulgarity runs rather deep. It was Benjamin Franklin who suggested restoring the bodies of the drowned to a semblance of life by pickling them in wine. No matter. Certainly Miss Mitford adequately demonstrates that embalming is of little assistance to the local health officials in their campaigns against disease. (In fact it would be cheaper and simpler to keep them in the deep freeze until burial.) Nor is embalming a legal necessity, as undertakers are wont to claim. The only bodies which must be embalmed are those shipped interstate. Undertakers have made the claim in the past that embalming ensures "eternal preservation" for "the loved one." Mr. August Chelini, a resident of Califonia, wanted only the very best for his mother when she died at 99 in 1943. The undertaker assured him that for $900 he would get the finest in embalming and "casketing," but after a year and a half, Mr. Chelini became increasingly nervous about the large number of ants crawling about his mother's crypt at the mausoleum. The undertaker reassured him repeatedly that with his embalming nothing could go wrong. But the ants multiplied and finally Mr. Chelini lost his patience and with his family doctor caused the casket to be opened, whereupon the doctor said, "Well, this is a hell of a mess, and a hell of a poor job of embalming, in my opinion." In the ensuing court case in which Mr. Chelini sued the undertaker for $50,000, the defense admitted there was no such thing as "eternal preservation" through embalming. The industry also admitted there was no such thing as "everlasting security for your loved one." Indeed, it conceded that the expensive "sealer" caskets actually hasten decomposition. All their claims were exploded 20 years ago, yet are still made today without protest from the Better Business Bureau or anyone else.

To escape the unpleasantness and expense of dealing with undertakers, the best thing is to join a Memorial Society, a non-profit organization which will provide a simple funeral for less than $300. There are about one hundred memorial societies throughout the country, and they achieve their low prices by dealing with undertakers in volume. It is to be hoped that Miss Mitford's book will increase their numbers.

The undertakers themselves realize the jig is up, although they attribute their imminent decline to the unravelling of a vast Communist plot. "My dear son," says a large man to a fat little boy in a recent issue of *The American Funeral Director*, a trade magazine, "I am so sorry you are going to have to live under Communism. It seemed to come so quickly. I didn't think their lies could win. . . . No nation has ever turned to Communism, Socialism or Fascism until the leaders have first been able to destroy MEMORIALIZATION. . . . Many so-called 'memorial societies' are trying to destroy this MEMORIALIZATION. First, they would have you eliminate flowers – then the sacred burial rites – and finally, will it be the Church and the sermon?"

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A Strong Smell of Fish

by Hilary Corke

Although the blurb describes it as his "main occupation" during the past two years, Mr. Greene's new collection (his first since 1949) contains only 119 smallish pages and only four stories – of which the first occupies more than half the book, so that we may not unfairly concentrate our attention upon it. "Under The Garden" begins with a doctor explaining to William Wilditch,

A Sense of Reality
by Graham Greene
(Viking; $3.50)

in a more or less breezy impersonal way, that he has cancer of the lung. The scene is in Mr. Greene's best flat sad manner, especially appropriate for the conveying of quiet horror. Before deciding whether or not to accept the operation, Wilditch revisits the house in which he spent his boyhood holidays – it has belonged to his brother for the past thirty years but he has always hitherto avoided it, as he was disappointed that it was not left to him. Everything (surprise, surprise!) seems much smaller than he had remembered it. We are made aware that something cataclysmic happened to the boy William on an island in the lake in the garden of this house, something that determined the whole future course of his life, something that has made him now return, under the sentence of death. (The lake turns out, of course, to be a mere pond, and the few square yards of the island can be reached with a flying jump).

At dinner the conversation conveniently turns to this "something" and his brother informs him, what he himself has forgotten, that he once wrote an account of it for his school magazine. Even more marvellously conveniently, in his bedroom is the bound volume of this magazine and from it falls a letter from his then-headmaster concerning this very story, which he finds and reads. It is couched in a *Treasure Island* style, and the mature Wilditch is outraged by its falsifications of what he remembers really to have been the case. He sits down and passes the whole sleepless night in committing the true facts to paper.

This account of his boyhood dream (for it *has* to be a dream, although he would like to believe it reality) shows how he goes down a tunnel on the island and reaches an underground cavern, in which live two timeless creatures called Javitt and Maria. Javitt has only one leg (he was born that way) and a big white beard: he sits always on a lavatory seat and engages in an endless stream of gnomic conversation – "There was a kind of reason in most of what he said, as I came to realize later." The hole under the lavatory seat goes down into the center of the earth, apparently. Maria, on the other hand, is very dusty-fusty and has no roof to her mouth and can only say "squawk, squawk." They have lived down here together for goodness knows how long, but these two ugly rogues have produced a highly glamorous daughter, one who has become a beauty-queen under the soubriquet of Miss Ramsgate.

After imbibing a great deal of Javitt's cosmic earthy half-nonsensical wisdom (the recording of which appears to be the nub of the story), the boy William escapes, taking with him "golden po" that has been lent him, out of Javitt's fabulous treasure, to do his business in. Here the written account ends, it is dawn, and the man William goes downstairs and out into the garden, where he first meets the old gardener, who has certain evident Javitt-elements about him, and then gets onto the island. Here to his astonishment he finds evidence to support him in his wish-belief that it was not all a dream: for here, under a stump, is the golden po – a battered object with most of its yellow paint flaked off it, but a golden po all the same. His reaction – which would flabbergast one if one were not prepared for every possible assault upon one's reason and sense of fitness by Mr. Greene in his capacity of Catholic writer – is that he has been wrong to live a life without religion and that there is a definitive decision that he has to make in this department also.

It will be seen that I have to regard

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this tale with a mixture of qualified admiration, and puzzlement plus exasperation. Admiration – because it is well-written and professional and compelling to read. Qualified – because, as I hope to show, it is not *very* well written and because "professional" has its pejorative senses too. As to the puzzlement, there is no puzzle about that. This is, within its rather creaking mechanical frame, or frames, simply an account of a dream, and we all know the breakfast-table horror of that. So that when a *writer* takes over we expect, not just the free association of a dream, but more. Anything less is self-indulgence, not literature. What in fact, to put it with a naïveté of crudity, does Mr. Greene *mean*? Who, or what, *is* Javitt? For, if he is nothing meaningful at all, then the story is nothing meaningful at all.

I don't want to make this question a wilfully uncomprehending one. This is a story, not a treatise. Javitt can be a whole lot of things, indeed the more the merrier, and the more mixed up the merrier too. For instance, he is partly simply the old gardener, transformed by the usual alchemy of dream. He is also, as I reckon it, Mr. Samuel Whiskers, villain of Beatrix Potter's *The Roly-Poly Pudding*, known to every rightly brought-up British child. (Tom Kitten gets lost in the black chimney-flues of the old house and eventually falls into the rats' den, whereupon Mr. Samuel Whiskers screams out "Anna Maria! Anna Maria!," just as Javitt roars "Maria, Maria!" And I wonder whether this was conscious on Mr. Greene's part, or just his subconscious keeping its eye splendidly on the ball.) And we can also make other systems to accommodate Javitt. But all efforts of this sort leave so much detail artistically inexplicable that we are forced to search for some much profounder symbology than this. And here the exasperation begins.

For, if we press this question resolutely, I am afraid that we are inescapably driven to the conclusion that Javitt equals God: or more precisely, when we consider his name and his sempiternality and his beard, that Javitt equals Jehovah. It is inescapable because the detail is so arbitrary otherwise. For instance, in the tunnel, "scrawled with the simplicity of ancient man – done with a sharp tool like a chisel – was the outline of a gigantic fish." And if that doesn't place us in the catacombs, Mr. Greene is deceiving with intent. Or how about this? "[Javitt] rose on his one leg, and now that he had his arms stretched out to either wall, he reminded me of a gigantic crucifix." And above all, this identification is the only one that doesn't make utter rubbish of the tale's conclusion.

But, if Javitt is Jehovah, then what of Maria? Alas, is she, this hideous squawking crone, the queen of heaven? And Miss Ramsgate, their child who "went upstairs," the beauty-queen for whom Wilditch says he has been searching vainly all his life? The Lamb of God? We are caught between the inexplicably arbitrary and the inexplicably squalid: and, knowing the way that Greene tends constantly to identify the deeply horrid or the deeply holy, we suppose desparingly that we must cleave to the second. And I for one, speaking as a non-religious person, find it no more than an ingenious exercise in the unnecessarily nasty. The religious on the other hand, or some of them, will doubtless find this attitude pathetically squeamish.

But no, I don't see that I have to lie down under that. It is not the nastiness that offends, it is the unnecessariness. Nor is it that, over-rational, I am offended by puzzles without solutions – *Pale Fire* is fine with me, and I'll play crosswords with the rest of them (is the hero named for his *wild itch* or because he *will ditch himself*?). But simply, I feel that here the mystery, whether consciously posed or not, is of its very nature pointlessly unpleasant. Two of the characteristics of Mr. Greene's curious mind are that it is lavatorial and that it is grossly paradoxical. This coupling of divinity and excrement here satisfies both of them.

In "A Visit to Morin," paradox is rampant. This supposed interview with a Catholic writer who has lost his belief concludes with a piece of sophistry so hair-raising as to verge on the comic. (The novelist has not been to mass or confession for twenty years. As a result he has lost his belief. This proves that "the Church is right and the faith is true," for, "if a doctor prescribed you a drug and told you to take it every day for the rest of your life and you stopped obeying him and drank no more, and your health decayed, would you not have faith in your doctor all the more?" I stopped looking for fairies in the grass 38 years ago, and now I don't believe in them anymore, which doesn't, however, seem to me an altogether valid proof of their existence.)

In "A Discovery in the Woods," a post-atomic fable which is much the best thing in the book, it is the Mr. Grim Grin side of things again:

> "Liz tied (her skirt) up, with a knot behind just above the opening of her small plump buttocks" (page 106).
>
> "She squatted on the ground with a bare buttock on each heel" (ibid).
>
> "Anyway they wouldn't bash a girl. 'Pa does,' Liz said, twitching her buttocks" (page 107).
>
> "Her thighs and bottom were scratched with briars and smeared

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with blood the color of blackberry juice" (page 108).

"She sat squatting on the thighbones of the skeleton, her naked buttocks rocking to and fro as though in the act of possession" (page 119).

This brings us, space as ever pressing, to the question of professionalism.

Whatever one says against Mr. Greene – and I for one have always found him aggravating and unrewarding in the light of his obvious talent – he remains compellingly readable. Why? The quick answer is that he is a professional, that he constructs well, writes clearly and employs all the age-old tricks of the story-teller's art. But recently I have begun to wonder. Professionalism can easily go stale, until it becomes the mere tired academicism that, in painting, we expect of a Royal Academician. When you peer into it more closely, the writing doesn't look all that good, more a sort of slickness rubbed over cracks to conceal them. That "buttock"-series isn't merely nagging, it is also plain careless:

"He did not leave it at that or allow himself to get involved in a theological debate. He went on to indicate that. . . ."

Where evidently what is meant is "He neither left it at that nor allowed himself," etc. Apparent exactness turns out to be a mere gloss of pseudo-exactness:

"The water in which he landed was only a few inches deep. . . . He sloshed ashore, the water not even penetrating his shoes."

Some shoes! Or the opening sentence of "A Discovery in the Woods":

"The village lay among the great red rocks about a thousand feet up and five miles from the sea, which was reached by a path that wound along the contours of the hills."

Which leaves me wondering whether or not that five miles was as the crow flew, and how a path that winds along contours can also manage to drop a thousand feet.

We can entertain similar doubts about the constructions. The first story begins with a doctor breaking it to a patient that he has cancer, and the third story with a doctor breaking it to a patient that he has leprosy: and two out of four seems an outrageously high score for this hoary old opening. The second story employs the ancient device of the "confession to a chance-met stranger," who tells the tale – a convention from which Mr. Somerset Maugham extracted the last drop of juice years before most of us were born. The creaking mechanics of "Under the Garden" I have indicated in my précis of it.

As I see it, there was a time when one was prepared to overlook the superficialities and shallownesses in Mr. Greene's view of life (and for that matter in Mr. Maugham's too) because of the readability, the golden knack. But now the readability sticks in the throat, and familiarity with it gives the knack away. I do not mean that Mr. Greene is deteriorating: on the contrary. But that ever good, Greene no longer seems good enough – at the theological level, though at the thriller level I dare say it is still all right. It begins to look pompous and old-fashioned. For me the writing will no longer "carry" things like this typical sample of Javitt's wisdom:

"People are afraid of bringing May Slossom into the house. They say it's unlucky. The real reason is it smells of sex and they are afraid of sex. Why aren't they afraid of fish, then? you may rightly ask. Because when they smell fish they smell a holiday ahead and they feel safe from breeding for a short while."

– a typical gallimaufry, since most people *aren't* afraid of sex, and most sex *doesn't* smell of fish, and most people *do* "breed" on holiday like mad. (That is, if we take the text *au pied de la lettre*. If, on the other hand, we accept the malodorous *double-entendre* – as I dare say, Mr. Greene being Mr. Greene, we must – then it makes better sense, but God help us all. If that's all the smell of fish reminds him of, he'd better take a long, long dip in the sea.) Either way, I prefer to retire to the truer profundities of Tom Kitten – which are, incidentally, *really* well-written.

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BUT, SIR, WON'T THAT TAKE YEARS?
I CAN WAIT.
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ART

The Print On Display

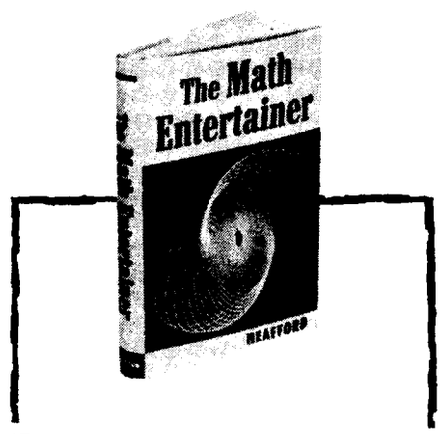
Culture in the capital continues in its paradoxical ways. The reminder comes from the rare good fortune of having two print exhibitions from the Rosenwald Collection appearing at once in the National Gallery of Art. In honor of the recent women-of-the-world-unite convention in Washington, the Gallery has hung a fine group of prints by Mary Cassatt, a scholarly and instructive show juxtaposing drawings with their prints and tracing the growth of the woman that Degas, the old misogynist, was amazed to find could draw. The other exhibition, put up for no other reason than that it's lovely to look at, is from the Rosenwald Collection of the National Gallery, the Rosenwald Collection of the Library of Congress and the private collection of Lessing J. Rosenwald, and presents about 150 examples of prints and book illustrations by modern artists.

The paradox arises from the fact that these rewarding exhibitions came along at just the time that Congress, after a brief bout with its native anti-cultural instincts, extended the fund-raising period for the National Cultural Center for another three years. There has been a good deal of discussion, including some in these pages, about the relative wisdom of having the Center where it is now planned, down by the riverside, as against splitting up its halls and scattering them along Pennsylvania Avenue, currently destined once more to become America's Main Street, this time by moving in the FBI. The one thing that is very clear, however, is that the primary impulse behind the campaign is strictly limited to the building; nobody really gives much of a damn – or even much of a thought – about what's going to happen inside it. The assumption seems to be that the British, or the Russians, or the Metropolitan on tour will provide the irreducible minimum of cultural material without which it's hard to have a cultural center. But the building itself is the thing, in a late revival of the Babylonian theory of divinity. The Babylonians built their imposing ziggurats in the hope that the gods would descend to earth by way of these synthetic mountains; so here, it is devoutly believed that if only the Cultural Center is built, the gods of music, dance and mime will descend from somewhere who knows where? – to move at last among us mortals and to cheer us up.

Meanwhile, however, other gods have descended already and nobody even proposes a wayside shrine. The fact is that Washington abounds in top-flight prints and it is all but impossible to see them. To start at the top, the National Gallery, in the Rosenwald Collection, has one of the great collections of the world; from it appear from time to time only fragments, such as the two shows noted and such as the superb Callot exhibition of the spring. But there is nothing permanent, no always-available selection from the history of prints, and there so easily could be. The most obvious explanation would seem to be a leftover feeling from Lord Duveen that art is aristocratic and oil paintings are the most aristocratic. Prints, in such a view, have the fatal flaw of being democratic; there tend to be lots of them; there are very, very few unique pieces. They tend also to be disrespectful of aristocratic privilege; even print men like Callot and Goya, employed for decades by kings and princes, nevertheless include in their work some pretty sharp criticism of the princely pastime of war. Hence, no prints. At the National Gallery prints are often displayed along the corridor leading to the cafeteria and people in line get to study them closely. But the whole impression is that prints are somewhat second-class and not to be considered in the same category as oils. Yet the Rosenwald Collection surely ranks much higher in the world-scale than any other collection at the National. It's curious.

Less curious but no less reprehensible is the situation at the Library of Congress. The Library, too, has an immense collection, with special strengths in the American 19th Century, when copies of all new prints were submitted for copyright, as books still are. And at the Library, as at the Gallery, the collection is invisible. Changing exhibitions succeed one another; the biennial of contemporary American work is still there; if you have some special interest in some field of prints, the Library staff is the most helpful in the world; but if you are simply generally interested in the high achievements of printmakers through the centuries, this is the wrong place; the material is there but it is never on view; there is no space. If at the National prints have been suppressed as not being courtly enough, then at the Library they have been locked up behind the cloistered walls of scholarship.

Though it is little known to most people, the Smithsonian Institution – in one of those incredible 19th Century Gothic red buildings across the Mall from the National Gallery – also has a formidable array of prints from all periods. Some 20,000 items all told survey the history with special attention to rare processes such as the chiaroscuro woodcut and the mezzotint as reproduction



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of painting. James Smithson was a contemporary and countryman of Jeremy Bentham and there lingers an air of 19th Century Utilitarianism about the whole print operation. Permanently on view are a couple of dozen prints illustrating primarily the various print processes; the division, in fact, is entered before the guardian spirits of two stuffed Japanese woodblock men exhibited behind glass as hard at work. Nearby are historical examples of printing presses and the development of color printing. It is all fascinating and highly useful knowledge, but the idea of prints as objects of contemplation suffers the usual fate of the contemplative disciplines among the Utilitarians. The keeper manages to sneak in a series of mostly contemporary, always smallish, temporary exhibitions along a narrow corridor leading from the stuffed Japanese to O rare Ben Franklin, but you get the definite feeling that if the presiding Benthamite genius found out about it, the keeper would be unkept.

Prints, thus, are rich in number and quality in Washington, but extremely poor in presentation. The most democratic of the arts is shabbily treated in the capital of the democratic world. And this condition would be so easy to correct. No new building is needed, no national fund drive or closed circuit dinners. The stuff already exists and is in town. Space already exists, for that matter. The National Gallery is full of echoing space that could easily give adequate, permanent display to the golden thread of print genius in the Rosenwald Collection. The Library of Congress has space arched and domed that seems to be devoted to permanent exhibitions of the White House Press Photographers and prints of the great battles of the Civil War. The Corcoran Gallery, which in fact once did house part of the Smithsonian art, has rooms unused since the Red Cross ladies rolled bandages in them for World War I. Space is no real problem. Intelligence and will are the problems.

As usual, these are in short supply; where they exist in this field – and they exist in all of the institutions mentioned – they are almost exclusively devoted to the forwarding of the institution rather than of the institution's presumed goals.

And yet, who knows? Congress recently appropriated five million to do over the Old Patent Office into a portrait gallery and a home for the National Collection. There would be room in that relic for prints.

Who knows? Perhaps the National Cultural Ziggurat will be built and the gods will not, after all, descend. Then all that space would need a new purpose. Perhaps prints?

FRANK GETLEIN

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Correspondence

Poison Gas in Yemen

Sirs:

We read an "account" of the present situation in Yemen in the August 3 issue of *The New Republic* and were astonished to come across the allegedly factual statement: "There are now officially confirmed reports that Egypt has used poison gas in Yemen."

Such a statement would have been more factual had it mentioned the source from which these reports emanate. Your presentation wrapped up the case as a matter of fact requiring no further evidence. However, it has been made known by no less reliable an authority than the United Nations that no evidence could be found of the use of poison gas. This information was transmitted to the United Nations in mid-July by Maj. Gen. Carl von Horn, its representative on the scene in Yemen.

Furthermore, no less an authority than Edward Heath, the Lord Privy Seal of England, informed the British House of Commons on July 31 that, "Investigations of material sent to the British Government have so far shown no evidence of the use of poison gas in Yemen." This was published in both the British and American press.

What causes astonishment is the apparent lack of verification before publishing such a derogatory statement that could certainly harm the reputation of the United Arab Republic, as it could that of any other country.

The policy of repression and cruelty adopted by the British in Aden and other Southern Arabian areas hardly drew a comment by newsmen. In London, for instance, pictures were published showing the armed attacks and methods of torture inflicted upon the peaceful civilians. Indeed, this practice of brutality was the subject of heated debate in the House of Commons a few weeks ago.

There was also no mention of the outrageous refusal of the British authorities in Southern Arabia to allow a UN Investigating Committee to conduct an on-the-spot inquiry regarding British actions in Aden, in violation of human rights and self-expression.

If British hands were truly clean, there would have been no reason to forbid entry to the committee. At the same time, the British campaign of fabrications and detrimental allegations against another country for no other reason than to cover up her other ill doings gains momentum and support.

Since *The New Republic* has presented its readers with one side of the Yemen story, we are hopeful and would indeed be thankful if you would present our side of it now.

A. M. Hassan
Counselor, Permanent Mission of the United Arab Republic to the UN

In Reply:

The application of the phrase "officially confirmed" to the reported gassing of Yemen villages was perhaps misleading. The officials who confirmed the gassing were American. They confirmed the charge privately rather than publicly. Their information, gathered we presume from the usual diplomatic and intelligence sources, may have been faulty. If they were wrong, the editors regret lending credence to the error. We should add that our Middle Eastern correspondent has been unable to obtain a conclusive evidence that gas was used. The Editors

Non-Girlies of the Golden West

Sirs:

May I call your attention to the fact that sometime during June 1963 the regional office of the General Services Administration in San Francisco released a list of 199 "acceptable" publications to wholesale magazine distributors, which meant that only magazines on that list could be sold at news stands in Federal buildings in California, Nevada and Hawaii? The purpose of the list, a CSA spokesman said, was to prevent sales of "nude 'girlie' magazines in Federal Buildings." Why, the spokesman declined to add, and it is not my intention to make a guess here. What interested me, objectively, was the fact that several "political opinion" magazines, including *The New Republic*, were on the nonacceptable list. Apparently their exclusion (subsequently reversed by higher authorities in Washington) was the result of a bureaucratic mix-up and, to quote another GSA spokesman, "we would be glad to carry these [magazines of political opinion] if somebody asks for them."

My first reaction to this announcement was bemusement. But the more I thought about it the more convinced I became that here was no bureaucratic mix-up at all. I realized what some anonymous public servant in San Francisco had known all along: *The New Republic* is filled with girls, girls, girls (and of the most dangerous variety for the very reason that most of them are *disguised in clothes*, or, in some cases, even in *brains*).

To substantiate this opinion I checked three recent issues of *The New Republic* (the very issues from which federal employees in California, Nevada and Hawaii had been prudently saved), and I herewith present a resume of my findings:

In the July 6 issue the following are mentioned: Miss Christine Keeler, Queen Victoria, Lolita and two anonymous Radcliffe students. Miss Keeler is credited with strengthening Supermac's reputation for honor, and not so much as a "tut" over *how* she practically invented the Children's Crusade, as it turns out. Lolita comes in for an equally high-minded white-wash job: she, it seems, belongs to Literature and the ages. As for Queen Victoria, it is hinted on page 26 that Her Majesty married Disraeli. *They were never married.* The pretty Radcliffe girls on page 28, suprisingly, wear their disguises least well, standing practically in the middle of Harvard Yard, and saying things like "heck" and "fabulous." I mean, it doesn't take a mind nurtured on "girlie" magazines to read between all the lines here (the effect is as salacious as an open venetian blind in the lobby of an ordinary *non*-Federal building near the news stand).

The July 13 issue comes closer to the real story, however. The disguised

Notes on Contributors

Robert Bork *teaches law at Yale University.* Frederick Bock *is working on a new volume of poems.* Hilary Corke *is a British novelist and poet.*

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"girlies" here are Emancipated. Take Janet Jagan. She is described as "the real villain of the drama [in British Guiana] . . . a Communist, secretary general of the People's Progressive Party, newly-appointed head of the police," *and* "the ruler of her husband's mind." Imagine *that* wrapped in a negligee! Emily Dickinson (a bachelor-girl, if I recal correctly) spreads her share of villainy, along with such types as Julia Ward Howe, Margaret Fuller and Helen Hunt (see Jackson Stanley's review of *Dear Perceptor*), all of whom prayed, it seems, on the masculine sensibilities of poor Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

I'm almost ashamed to mention Jean Garrigue's poem in this same (July 13) issue; it's all about women with children, a Polish woman, ministers' wives, a woman who looked as young as her daughter, and so forth. It's enough to give the guidance-makers in Washington the hives, particularly if they read that red herring buried in the advertising column on the last page: "Sublet Furnished Apartment in N. Y. City . . . Separate Bedroom. Write Benedict." Benedict *who?* Arnold? Gamble?

The July 20 issue, however, gives the "girlies" what's coming to them. I refer, of course, to the letters column, in which Hannah Arendt (girl) is tossed like a football between Harry Golden, Robert Brustein, Lucie Adelsburger and Gil Orlovitz, having already been bruised by Justice Michael Musmanno and Professor Bruno Bettleheim. There also is Joan Colebrook (girl), who defends herself valiantly but is hampered by feminine logic. No pictures, but by now we can visualize the whole mouth-watering scene there in the editorial office (male) of *The New Republic.*

In conclusion, I notice that "Benedict" is no longer running that ad for an apartment, with separate bedroom. I presume it has been sublet, but to whom?

Eleanor Rockwell
Santa Monica, Calif.

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Le Corbusier at Harvard

Sirs:

A few years ago, Henry Dreyfus, then chairman of the architectural planning committee at Cal Tech, said that of all the colleges and universities, Harvard was best architecturally because it had some of the best of every generation, and did not try to be a period piece, like most colleges. From Wolf Von Eckardt's article ("Le Corbusier at Harvard," July 6) it seems that Harvard's new Holyoke Center proves Dreyfus' point: "– an audaciously beautiful building in the delightfully slummy mess around the Harvard yard." Le Corbusier with his Center for the Visual Arts, gets short shrift. ". . . A restless clutter of seemingly random columns, protruding walls . . . hardly a place to study any arts. . . ." I think that Von Eckardt is exactly wrong.

It is true that the Holyoke center is clean, and crisp, and tall, and easily understood in its rectangular shape. Its potential power is subdued and tamed into conventionality by the simplest of masters: the rectangular grid pattern of land ownership. It relates to square corners, to construction techniques of the day, to all the range and limitation implicit in modern mass production of windows, frames, elevators, and of concrete. If you get up close, you see that the forms for pouring the concrete plastic building, rather than Le Corbusier's, proves Dreyfus' point.

I think Von Eckardt has missed the point of Corbusier's building. Perhaps he is not to be blamed; the point will likely be made only over a long period of time and use. But the suggestion is there, now, in the building. The Center, crowded in by two old conventional neighbors, is not placed on the campus to be viewed from afar. The inviting ramps are not made to lead to some expanse of hall; what we have here is an arts workship, a shell, to be used.

The main work spaces are on an upper level, yet the approach is by a walk. Deceptively, one seems always on the ground level. Grass and planting outside, on the upper level gives the perspective of a surface structure as one looks out. This upper level is largely freed from the confinement of the street, the "Yard" across the way, the

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rectangular structures around, conventional limitations of box-like interiors, and "picture" windows (as in the Holyoke center) are gone. Confining aspects of East-West, North-South sun and light patterns, which press themselves on most of our buildings are removed. The walks-ramps themselves, by their reach beyond the four walls of a square lot, lend space outward.

The aspect of the center, from the interior, is one of imaginative removal from the very limitations of campus architecture, bustle and, indeed, from the very sense of a campus that Dreyfus compliments. Instead, there is the foliage of the tops of trees, light unconfined by neighboring structures, and space for work, broken up so as to free the work space from the very limitations of spaciousness itself.

In the Holyoke center, one finds about as happy a combination of these mass dictates as one may expect to find anywhere, I supposed. As for Le Corbusier's structure, it should not be judged by the measuring stick of today's structural conventions; it should – will be – judged by the uses to which it is put. I think Le Corbusier planned it to free the visual arts from the confines of the ancient (and modern) campus in Cambridge. Indeed, recalling the other work of Le Corbusier, is not his mark more in adaptation to use rather than to external shape and form?

Stephen Zetterbeg
Claremont, California

The Road Back to China

Sirs:

Cyrus Peake's article on China ("The Road Back to China," August 17) proposes a new American imperialism against China. Peake depicts an American "road back to mainland China." He insists that "China should be made dependent on the West instead [of the USSR]," that the US should "channel" Chinese growth, that the Western nations should direct Chinese economic growth to the point that "they must draw up their own plans for the development of mainland China. . . ."

Such dependence on the West, Peake contends, is China's only "alternative" (?) to becoming "a satellite economy" of the Soviet Union. At a time when US influence in China is nil and that of the USSR at its nadir, it is clear that China can also choose a path of independence. Such a path may mean a slower growth rate but a self-respecting China will gladly choose a lower rate of growth in order to maintain its independence. Also, using a 1951 estimate of China's economic potential, an estimate which preceded the systematic exploration of the country for natural resources, underestimates China's potential.

Peake adds a second false set of alternatives to that of Chinese economic dependence on either the USA or USSR, that of massive economic aid to China or war resulting from Chinese frustration. Following a series of peaceful treaties settling border problems with south Asian nations during the Peking regime's worst economic crisis to date, such alternatives have a hollow ring resulting from a false estimate of Chinese motivations.

China's claims to Quemoy, Matsu and the road in Ladakh are rather strong. War may result from frustrating real Chinese grievances, not from American-imagined famines. No more would I accept a Chinese analysis that the USA-inspired invasion at the Bay of Pigs was caused by an American depression, than would I accept one suggesting that the guarded invasion of India was caused by hunger in China.

Peake believes – again without evidence – that Chinese leaders find their domestic and foreign policies bankrupt. I would suggest rather that an American foreign policy unable to understand the causes of revolutionary nationalism in the underdeveloped world will be a bankrupt policy. Peake dangerously misunderstands such nationalism in thinking that US credits could give America "a bargaining position" in China. Chinese nationals will make Chinese policy based on *their* understanding of China's national interests.

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Harvard University

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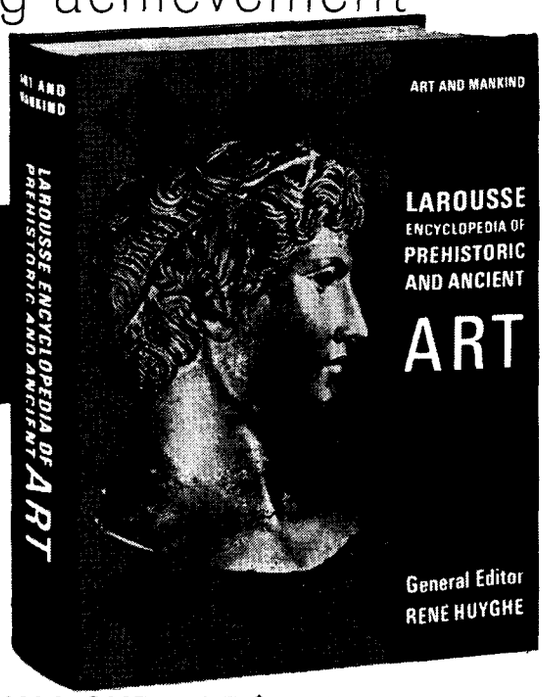

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